

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION AT THIS OFFICE:

THE PORTRAIT IN MY UNCLE'S DINING-ROOM. From the French.  
HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II. By Mrs. Oliphant. These very interesting and valuable sketches of Queen Caroline, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, The Young Chevalier, Pope, John Wesley, Commodore Anson, Bishop Berkeley, Hume, Richardson, and Hogarth, which have already appeared in the LIVING AGE, reprinted from Blackwood's Magazine, will be issued from this office, in book form.

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## LAST WORDS.

LET the sweet air receive my dying moan,  
 Now that the setting sun inspires its breath;  
 And though the white moon find thee, love, alone,  
 Remember where my spirit wandereth :  
     Yield me to Death.

Look not upon the shadow at thy feet,  
 The blighted, fretted witness of my woe;  
 Turn from it, and forget the struggling beat  
 Of the worn heart that thou hast loved so.  
     O, let me go!

Do not recall the drooping of mine eye,  
 When my last glance has fainted on thy brow;  
 Do not recall the quiver of the sigh,  
 Which from my parting agony must grow.  
     O, kiss me now!

Only I bid thee hold my quiet hand  
 Till all is over; for I am afraid  
 To be quite lonely on that border-land  
 Whence earth is mist, and the Beyond a shade.  
     O, let me fade!

I know thee near, but cannot feel thy touch;  
 Thick gloom defeats my sight, nor hear I thee.  
 Farewell! Remember that I loved much;  
 Pray for one gleam of light to set me free —  
     O free! O free!  
     Tinsleys' Magazine.

## LINES.

UPON a day, no matter, here or there,  
 Sweet Philomel was singing, and the air  
 Was heavy with the breath of roses everywhere.

I sat and sang, as bees will hum in June  
 For humming's sake — vague preludes to no  
     tune,  
 Songs without words, that yet come to an end  
     too soon,

Unknown care or joy, or love or pain —  
 Pain that is blessing, or love that is vain;  
 And asking but to rest, and hear the bird again.

Behind the copse the sun had died in fire,  
 When the last wail came — faint, but swelling  
     higher —

As a soul o'ercome with passionate desire.

So listening, aloud, all heedlessly,  
 I said, "O bird, teach half thy pain to me;  
 Thou shouldst not bear alone so great a misery!"

And when I turned, my prelude had an air,  
 My song found words, my careless heart found  
     care;

And, ah! it was too late to pray another prayer.  
     Macmillan's Magazine.      ALICE HORTON.

WONDERFUL RAPIDITY OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ACTION. — The image of the full moon can be fixed in less than one-fourth of a second, and that of the sun instantaneously. According to the experiments of Mr. Waterhouse, a space of time no longer than one twenty-seven-thousandth of a second is required to fix the solar image. Even this small fraction, however, inconceivably short as it appears, is a tolerable length of time compared with that in which photographs are taken by the electric flash. The duration of the illuminating sparks, according to the beautiful and trustworthy experiments of Mr. Wheatstone with his delicate chronoscope, does not exceed the millionth part of a second, and yet a clear and distinct photographic image is obtained by a single electric discharge. By this means may be shown the real form of objects to which a deceptive appearance is given by their rapid movement. If a wheel on whose side any figure is drawn in conspicuous lines be made to rotate with the greatest possible velocity, the figure will present to the eye only a series of concentric bands of different shades. Let it now be photographed while in motion by the electric flash, and the wheel will appear stationary with the figure perfectly well defined. A vein of water issuing from a small orifice, which appears to the eye as smooth as a stem of crystal, if seen or photographed by the light of the electric discharge, is shown to be composed of drops variously disposed, and of various forms, some being elongated, others flattened, and others almost spherical.

THE DRAGON OF LYME REGIS. — The British Museum has lately received the fossil remains of a flying dragon, measuring upwards of four feet from tip to tip of the expanded wings. The bones of the head, wings, legs, tail, and great part of the trunk with the ribs, blade-bones, and collar-bones are imbedded in dark lias shale from Lyme Regis, on the Dorsetshire coast. The head is large in proportion to the trunk, and the tail is as long as the rest of the body: it is extended in a straight stiff line, the vertebral bones being surrounded and bound together by bundles of fine long needle-shaped bones: it is supposed to have served to keep outstretched, or to sustain, a large expanse of the flying membrane or parachute which extended from the tips of the wings to the feet, and spread along the space between the hind-limbs and tail, after the fashion of certain bats.

The first indication of this monster was described by Buckland in the "Transactions of the Geological Society," and is referred to in his "Bridgewater Treatise," under the name of *Pterodactylus macronyx*. The subsequently acquired head and tail give characters of the teeth and other parts, which establish a distinct generic form in the extinct family of Flying Reptiles. The animal, as now restored, will be described and figured in the volume of the Monographs of the Palaeontographical Society, for the present year, by Professor Owen. Academy.

From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, June 1, 1869.  
Translated for the Living Age.  
AN ENIGMA OF HISTORY.

THE CAPTIVITY OF JOANNA OF CASTILE, CALLED  
"LA LOCA" OR THE MAD.

FROM NEW DOCUMENTS.

Calendar of letters, despatches and State papers relating to the negotiations between England and Spain; preserved in the archives at Simancas and elsewhere. Edited by G. A. Bergenroth, published by the authority of the lords commissioners of Her Majesty's treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Supplement to Vols. I and II. London: Longmans, Green, Reades and Dyes. 1868.

As national archives are gradually thrown open, modern history seems to be transformed, and to call for historians who shall present it to the world under its new aspect. Conventional history, legends, vanish to give place to reality. We have hitherto been like children who look at the surface of things, without inquiring what movement is going on beneath. When we have attempted to reach the secret causes, the hidden motives, the interior machinery of the dramas of history, we have been guided by a sort of divination, at best by a calculation of probabilities, which have often led us astray. Psychological hypothesis has had free play, and could rarely be controlled in a safe and effectual manner. Who does not remember the time when an ill-conceived patriotism guarded with jealous care such historical treasures, — notes, despatches, instructions, correspondences, — as might throw light on the obscurity of the past? There seemed to be a fear that they might bring down on the heads of the children the responsibility for errors or crimes committed by their ancestors. At the present day we are recovering by degrees from a prejudice so fatal to learned research; and all modern history is in process, or on the eve of being renewed from its foundations.

It is well known what revelations were made to an astonished public from the archives of Simancas which were rendered accessible only within twenty years; and the world is not ignorant of the unexpected conclusions drawn from them by the Prescotts, the Rankes, the Mignets. Every-

body has read the admirable work in which the perpetual secretary of the "Académie des sciences morales et politiques" has substituted for the legend of the ascetic hermit of San Yuste, the history of the indefatigable statesman, who from a seclusion which was far from strict, guided all the threads of European politics, more by reason of a habit of governing, than from ambition or illusion. Great, therefore, was the excitement in the learned world, when, at the end of last year, a new discovery was announced to have been made in those famous archives, which, it was said, shed a strange light on another legendary point of the history of Spain in the sixteenth century, the insanity of Joanna, mother of Charles Fifth. Although it is needful somewhat to modify the over bold conclusions of the learned German, the documents published by him contain details which are disastrous to the memory of three sovereigns, the father, husband, and son of the unfortunate queen of Castile. — Thanks to the discretionary powers enjoyed by the chief keeper of the archives of Simancas, those who were employed in studying this epoch of Spanish history had never been able to obtain a sight of certain very important parts of the collection. For six years Mr. Bergenroth made persevering, but unsuccessful efforts to reach these papers. Supported by the Prussian minister, Baron von Werthern, he at last succeeded, about a year ago, in getting these mysterious cabinets opened to him. His zeal was rewarded beyond any expectations he could have formed. He found, in fact, documents of the highest interest, and hastened to publish them, — *in extenso*, contrary to the custom of *calendars*, and adding an English translation, — in the collection of *State Papers*, which appears in London under the direction of the *Master of the Rolls*, of which they fill a thick volume. At the head of these documents Mr. Bergenroth published a long introduction, in which he attempted to prove the complete mental sanity of Joanna. At the same time he gave to the collection of Mr. von Sybel an extract in German from the introduction he published in London. Perhaps if he had lived he would have mitigated the expression of such of his conclusions as are too positive; unhappily

death overtook him in Madrid. His labours seem not to have brought wealth to this persistent inquirer, whose funeral expenses had to be defrayed, three months ago, by the North German legation.

We have chosen to go behind the narrative of Mr. Bergenroth, and we have read with attention the one hundred and four papers, published by him, which relate to the history of Joanna "the mad." It is from these papers, therefore, that we draw the materials for the statement we place before our readers, and for the summary investigation we are about to make. If, after this examination, we come to conclusions, with regard to the mental condition of the queen, which differ perceptibly from those of the German scholar, we still cannot do otherwise than share the indignant disapprobation which he pours out on Ferdinand the Catholic, Philip of Burgundy, and Charles Fifth, who subjected the unhappy queen to a martyrdom of nearly fifty years' duration.

### I.

THE legend is well known. Joanna of Castile, passionately in love with her husband, Philip of Burgundy, became jealous of him to excess, and her jealousy made her nearly mad. When the handsome Philip died, she was inconsolable; refused to be separated from his remains, required that they should receive from the grandees of Castile the same honours usually paid to reigning sovereigns, and never consented to regard as having passed from among the living, him, whose mortal form accompanied her everywhere. How much truth is there in this?

Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand of Aragon and of Isabella of Castile, was born in 1479 and was educated in Spain under her mother's eye. Although it was not then the custom of the court, as it became in the time of Philip II., to be present at the autos da fé, the scourging and the torturing of heretics, these exhibitions of religious fanaticism "in honour of Jesus Christ and of his holy mother" formed even at this period the favourite subject of conversation in the devout circle around Isabella the Catholic. The good sense and gentle instincts of Joanna seem to have rebelled against these

excesses of the faith, and she dared, from that time, to place herself in opposition to her mother. It is easy to understand the grief of Isabella at seeing her own daughter losing her soul from lightness of heart; for was it not in her eyes, losing her soul, to doubt the sanctity of the acts of the inquisition? She attempted therefore to stifle these first germs of disobedience. She shrank from no means of leading Joanna to a better frame of mind; from no means, we say. Here in fact is what was written, thirty years later, by the Marquis de Denia, jailer in chief of the unhappy captive, to Charles Fifth, the son of Joanna, — the letter is of January 25, 1522 — "If your majesty would make use of the torture upon her, it would in many respects be rendering service to God and at the same time be doing a good work for the queen herself. Persons of her disposition have need of it, and the queen your grandmother, punished and treated in that manner her daughter, the queen, our sovereign lady." It was natural that Joanna should joyfully accept the hand of Philip of Burgundy, one of the handsomest cavaliers of his day, who would take her to Flanders and withdraw her from the "education" of her mother. Who would not have done the same at the age of seventeen, and under similar circumstances?

She had scarcely arrived in Brussels (1496) when rumours, exciting anxious fears for the orthodoxy of the young archduchess, reached Madrid, and Isabella immediately sent friar Thomas of Matienzo, sub-prior of Santa Cruz, to recall her daughter to the true faith. The monk found her cold, even frigid, if his reports are to be trusted, and especially distrustful with regard to him. She did not even ask for news of her mother, at least not in the first period of friar Thomas's sojourn. She neglected her household (*la gobernacion de la casa*). On the whole he judged her to be lukewarm in the faith, but not incredulous. If she did not consent to enter the confessional, at least she attended mass, which she had performed in the palace. In short, she appeared to him and she appears to us by her letters, exactly what she must needs have been made to be by her mother's education, and the brutal conduct of her



husband, which reached, it is said, the point of striking her. She is nervous, irritable, a little capricious; she has moments of recklessness and sudden rebellion, followed instantly by as sudden submission and languor. It is a repressed character, absolutely without active energy, incapable of attempting any bold enterprise, or of forming a decisive resolution; but gifted with prodigious passive energy—in the words of Mr. Bergenroth, an almost unconquerable inert force. She proved it by resisting all the exhortations of brother Thomas, as well as those of her former preceptor, brother Andrew, who besought her in his letters, to dismiss all the Parisian drunkards (*bodegones*)—it was thus he distinguished the learned theologians of the Sorbonne, whom Joanna had drawn around her, and to choose for her confessor some good Spanish monk. Joanna did not condescend even to answer him.

The vexation of Isabella can easily be imagined, when she heard of this unpromising condition of things, and it was obviously for the interest of Ferdinand, and of the clerical party in Madrid, to keep alive the hostility between the mother and daughter, especially after the death of Don Juan and Don Miguel, the brother and nephew of Joanna, the male heirs of the two Catholic sovereigns (1500). In fact, nothing was done to bring them together. A reconciliation would have destroyed, at a single blow, the dream of Ferdinand's whole life, the supreme object of his policy ever since his accession to the throne, the union, namely, of Aragon and Castile; \* at the same time it would have struck a fatal blow at the institution on which the power of the clergy in Spain depended, the Holy Inquisition. The salic law not being recognized in the Peninsula, Ferdinand would have been obliged, on the death of his wife Isabella, to give up to his daughter the *corona* (Castile), and content himself with the *coronilla* (Aragon). It was not to be expected that Joanna, almost a heretic, at any rate extremely tolerant, should carry

on the religious schemes of her mother. The latter took heed to this. As early as 1501, she presented to the Cortes at Toledo a project for a regency, which they hastened to adopt, and which Rome confirmed without delay. According to this plan, Isabella, in view of the "great experience" of her husband Ferdinand, nominated him regent for life of Castile, "in case Joanna should be absent, disinclined, or incapable of herself exercising her rights as sovereign." This singular forethought seemed justified by the want of inclination for affairs of state shown by Joanna at Brussels, and it explains itself in our eyes. Was it possible to state what was Isabella's real apprehension, and to what dangers the accession of Joanna would expose the Inquisition, then so unpopular in Spain? Here occurs an important episode which Mr. Bergenroth commits the error of passing over in silence, although it contributes remarkably to excuse the conduct of Isabella. We mean the journey to Spain made by Philip and Joanna. The archduke and his wife arrived in the Peninsula in the early part of 1502; their reception was all that could be desired. One festivity followed another, and, most important of all, the rights of Joanna were solemnly recognized by the Cortes of Toledo, and by the *arms* of Aragon at Saragossa. Philip, however, was not contented in Spain, and did not wait for the year to end before he left the country and his wife, then expecting the birth of the Infante Don Ferdinand. He was entrusted by his father-in-law with the negotiation of a peace with the King of France, and concluded (5 April, 1503) the treaty of Lyons, exceeding all the instructions of Ferdinand, who was excessively displeased, and thenceforth desired to rid himself of so inconvenient a son-in-law. A serious incident came to his aid. During her pregnancy Joanna had suffered from great depression, especially after the departure of her husband, to whom she continued devoted, in spite of his misconduct. Scarcely was her confinement over when she desired to rejoin Philip. This they prevented by force; she then tried to escape, under circumstances little less than romantic. She was overtaken and detained at Medina del Campo until 1504. The conduct

\* When he gave his oldest daughter, Isabella, who died in 1498, in marriage to Alonzo, king of Portugal, and afterwards to his successor Emmanuel, he thought to unite the whole peninsula, in no distant future, under one hand.

of the archduchess, who refused for whole days to return to her apartments, gave some pretext for her restraint; perhaps, indeed, her mother may have thought it a real proof of insanity. What is certain is this, that, in her last will, which reproduced the text of the recent law, Isabella did not even repeat the clause about the possible incapacity of her daughter, but named her husband regent unconditionally. Scarcely had she closed her eyes (23 November, 1504) when Ferdinand assumed the government, and declared to the grandes of the kingdom, assembled at Medina del Campo that he had "resigned the crown of Castile to place it on the head of his daughter, but that he should continue during his life to govern as Lieutenant and Regent;" then he called together the Cortes at Toro (February, 1505), renewed his declaration in a speech from the throne, such as he was skilled in making, and received the acclamations of his subjects.

Philip protested at once against the "lies and infinite falsehoods" which Ferdinand was spreading abroad about Joanna's mental condition. He soon appeared in person at the head of a body of troops, and accompanied by his wife, to claim for himself and Joanna the crown of Castile. Their success was greater than they had ventured to hope. Partisans poured in from all sides, and the army increased in proportion as it advanced into the interior of the Peninsula. Ferdinand, usually so thoroughly master of himself, had a positive fit of rage; at one moment he was on the point of going in search of his son-in-law with *capa y espada*, to kill him in the peculiar Spanish form of duel. Suddenly he recovered himself, and returned to his customary frame of mind. What had happened? Under the leadership of the Constable of Spain, a third party had been formed, which rejected Philip, and recognized only Joanna as sovereign of Castile. The old politician did not hesitate long. He saw at once, and clearly, where his chief danger lay, and he resolved to draw to his own side Philip, whom the Spaniards dreaded and not unreasonably, for they knew his hardness, his avarice, and he was to them a foreigner. Ferdinand knew that Philip's followers, Flemings and Spanish exiles, would be for the husband rather than for the wife. He knew that Joanna had lived in open hostility with the courtiers ever since she had declared her formal intention of putting a check on their greed. He was not unaware that Philip himself was little disposed for the subordinate position of Prince-Consort, or for the control which Joanna, surrounded by a Spanish Court,

would exercise over him and the plundering carried on by his Flemish friends, the Chièvres, the Chimays, the Sauvaiges, the Bèvres. The cunning Aragonese went therefore, to meet Philip, and passed the night of the 1st to the 2d of June almost alone at Villafraña del Valcarcel, whence he sent the Archbishop of Toledo to his son-in-law, with instructions to negotiate for an interview.

This interview took place on the 26th of June at Villafafila. The contrast between the two princes was great; it was undoubtedly premeditated on the part of the father-in-law, who arrived riding on a mule, accompanied by his Secretary of State, and instead of weapons bearing "peace in his hand, love in his heart." Any one would have thought him a worthy citizen coming to settle a bargain at the market of the little town. Philip, on the other hand, a tall, handsome, fair-complexioned man, rather inclined to *embonpoint*, came attired in velvet and silk, on a horse covered with rich trappings, surrounded by a glittering party of nobles, and followed by a considerable body of troops. Ferdinand and Philip dismounted, and entered the church alone. What passed there reached the ears of no one. The gentlemen entrusted with guarding the doors, saw the two princes come and go in the nave, and it seemed to them that Ferdinand talked much and urgently, while Philip appeared to them embarrassed and ill at ease. At the end of two hours they came out and immediately signed the treaty. What treaty? one by which Philip gave up his semblance of a claim to his father-in-law? It would betray small knowledge of Ferdinand to suppose him capable of such simplicity. The old man had employed those two hours solely in persuading his son-in-law, — who had been up to that moment so convinced of his wife's perfect health, — that Joanna, with whom he had been living for ten years without suspecting her condition, was really mad enough to require restraint, or rather that she had "a malady which considerations of decency and dignity forbade to be clearly indicated." The treaty signed at Villafafila, then, yielded to Philip of Burgundy all rights over Castile. The King renounced all intention of availing himself of the powers conferred on him by a regular law of the Cortes and the last will of Isabella; he did more; he bound himself to quit Spain in order not to trammel, even by his presence, the action of his "beloved son." It is true that he took care, immediately after taking the oath on the Gospel, to shut himself up with his Secretary of State, Don

Miguel Perez Almazan, — who had not followed him without a purpose, — and to draw up a protest in due form; affirming that he had fallen, alone and unarmed, into an ambushade prepared by his son-in-law, who had extorted from him the treaty of renunciation! Here we have the key to the tradesman-like modesty of the royal party. The protest has another, more direct interest for us; Ferdinand there declares his wish to aid his daughter Joanna, "unjustly held in captivity by her husband, to recover her liberty;" and, by implication at least, denies her madness. Who is to be deceived here? asks the reader, after surveying these contradictory declarations and protests, which at one moment make Joanna a sane woman, the next a mad one, according to the requirements of the plot and the personages. For the time being Ferdinand did not make known his protest. He contented himself with recommending to one of his faithful Aragonese, Mosen Luis Ferrer, the well being of his beloved children, and even their conjugal happiness; then he went to Naples. However "God took pity on the most faithful of his servants." The king had scarcely arrived in Italy when news reached him of the sudden death of his son-in-law Philip. It is evident that Ferrer had admirably understood and executed his master's orders. No one, in fact, doubted that Philip had died of poison. The physicians, it is true, declared that they had found no suspicious appearances in the body of the Duke; but it is fair to state that they had preferred not to examine the intestines, and had caused them to be interred while they were proceeding with the work of embalming. The tribunals, regarding the case as too delicate, dared not interfere, either against the presumed authors of the crime, or against those who circulated the calumnious charges; the criminals who had cleverness enough to assert that they knew something of the *bocado* (such was the euphemism then in use for this form of assassination) given to Philip, were even hastily-set at liberty.\*

Now, then, Joanna is a widow; and for her dowry she has the kingdom of Castile. As may well be supposed, aspirants for her hand were not wanting; among them were Gaston de Foix, and Henry VII. of England, who is known to have loved money well, and who was not frightened by Joanna's insanity, for he had seen her a short time before. Ferdinand hastened to avert the blow. He wrote sentimental, pathetic

letters to all the courts, in which he talked of "his profound sorrow," and of the madness of his poor daughter, madness which he had denied two months before! According to Mr. Bergenroth, these letters are the only source of the whole legend; contemporary witnesses are, in fact, silent on this point. Maquereau, an officer of the house of Flanders, a witness of his master's death, and who describes it at length in his "*Traité et recueil de la maison de Bourgogne*," says not a word of Joanna's insanity, which, according to tradition, broke forth at that moment. Jean de Los, Abbot of St. Laurent, near Liège, speaks of the madness of Philip, not of that of the Queen. Peter Martyr, however, whose letters are dated in 1506 and 1507, without speaking distinctly of madness, narrates strange incidents which occurred at the time of the removal of Philip's body, and represents them as eccentricities. It is only in the history of Charles V. by Sandoval, written near the beginning of the 17th century, that we first find a categorical mention of the fact. Even Sandoval, in his immense volume, devotes only one short phrase to this important detail, and he takes care to add: *pues dicen*, "as it is said." Now the documents seem to prove that, from the day following the interview at Villafafila, Joanna was a captive, shut up by her own husband, and that it would have been absolutely impossible for her to enforce the observance of those solemn honours towards the remains of Philip, of which the legend speaks, and which apparently are to be reduced simply to a mass "*de cabo d'año*" — for the end of the year. We know beside, what had happened at Brussels the year before. Joanna discovered a *liaison* between Philip and one of her ladies of honour, with whom she had a violent scene. Her husband only neglected her the more after this. Soon afterwards he learned that she had written to her father, for whom she professed unlimited affection and confidence, and that in her letter she seemed to approve of Ferdinand's course. Outraged by what he regarded as treachery, Philip ill-treated her and shut her up. The same thing must have been repeated after his arrival in Spain, for the Queen's servants, who were heard as witnesses in 1520, during her temporary liberation, all declared that she had been imprisoned for "more than fourteen years," which takes us back at least to July, 1506, and that it was Philip who deprived her of her liberty. We know how much it was for his interest to do so.

Philip died at Burgos; the next thing

\* Letter of the *Alcaldes del Crimen* to Charles, the 3d of February, 1517.

was to remove his body to Granada, where it was to be buried. Ferrer, to whose care the Queen's person was entrusted, made the journey of his prisoner coincide with that for the transportation of the corpse, either at the request of Joanna, or for some political reason. Joanna was to be taken to Tordesillas, and that fortress was on the way from Burgos to Granada. Mr. Bergenroth is of opinion that considerations of economy may have dictated Ferrer's course. No doubt money was a scarce article at that time, and sovereigns more than once did strange things to save a few thousand crowns; yet this could never have been more than a secondary motive. It is hardly to be doubted that the principal motive for this odd arrangement was the desire to excite people's imaginations, and to give more currency to the fable they had invented of the inconsolable widow, crazed with grief, obstinately holding to the belief that her dead husband was still alive. We possess, as it appears, no document describing the manner in which the journey from Burgos to Tordesillas was accomplished; but we know what were the arrangements made by the Marquis de Denia, commandant of the fortress, on the occasion of two projected journeys, in 1522 and in 1527, one to Arevalo, the other to Toro.\* The Queen was to be carried off by force, and transported in a litter. "Her royal highness is to leave here at eleven o'clock in the evening, or at midnight, and to be taken to a place situated three miles from here, and called Pedrosa. She must remain there all day; the following night, at the same hour, she is to set out again, and arrive, also by night, at Toro. Care will be taken to allow no one to see her on her arrival." Probably the same order of things was observed in 1507. Even at this distance of time we can appreciate the effect produced on Spanish imaginations by this cortège, of a mad queen and a dead prince, passing at night by the light of torches. Still, even if we could rely with entire faith on Ferdinand and Peter Martyr, who attribute to Joanna herself the plan of this singular journey, all these facts, nevertheless, if they prove the violence of the passion to which she was then a prey, do not authorize the conclusion that she was mentally deranged. Her sister Isabella had done almost the same at the death of her husband Alonzo, and Joanna gave proofs at this very time of prudence and of tact. They wished her to sign an act for the con-

vocation of the Cortes and other important papers; she refused, and referred the ministers to her father, who was shortly to arrive. The only measure which she consented to approve by her signature—it is the only document she ever signed—accomplished an act of high policy; she annulled all the grants made from the estates of the Crown to the Castilian nobility by Isabella, her mother. In general, she seemed crushed and sought consolation only in music. Before leaving Burgos (end of December, 1506), she had, indeed, caused the coffin to be opened, if Peter Martyr's account is to be accepted, that she might look once more on the embalmed remains of her husband, but she had not shed a tear. The fountain of tears was dry, they say, since the day she discovered her husband's intrigue with her lady of honour. After reaching Tordesillas, the Queen was placed in confinement, the body of Philip was deposited in the Convent of Santa Clara, the tomb at Granada not being yet finished. The Queen, however, does not appear ever to have asked, even once, to see the coffin of her husband, and for twenty-five years she never set foot in the Convent of Santa Clara, which was only a hundred paces from where she was. In her conversations with her jailor, of which we have very faithful reports prepared by himself, she never speaks otherwise than very simply of Philip, as any widow might, and without ever dreaming of believing him to be alive. What then becomes of her pretended monomania of never choosing to be separated from her husband's body, and of obstinately persisting in treating him as if he were alive? On the other hand, we can understand very well why the funeral car which had done such good service in 1507 was newly furnished up in 1518 (10th August), in 1522, in 1527 again, when there were plans for leaving Tordesillas.

## II.

From the death of Philip (1506) until the revolt of the *comunidades* in 1520, Joanna remained a prisoner in the fortress of Tordesillas, and heard nothing of what passed in the outer world. Ferdinand, her father, whom she had seen in 1507—not without profound emotion—died in 1516, leaving to his grandson, Charles, the united kingdom. This could not have been preserved for him except by the course of conduct which Ferdinand had pursued towards his daughter, for even the death of Joanna could not have served the purpose so well as her incapacity for reigning. In fact, Joanna's death would have forced Ferdi-

\* These journeys never really took place, although Mr. Bergenroth seems to think the contrary. The Queen absolutely refused.

nand to give over Castile to his grandson, and would thus have paralyzed his own action in the Peninsula. Charles, who had inherited his father's States, who was soon afterwards to inherit those of his grandfather, Maximilian, as well as the imperial crown, found himself heir to united Spain, and it was even more for his interest than it had been for Ferdinand's, to leave his mother where she was. He had been educated by his aunt Margaret with "the great idea" of the *monarquía*, which was to unite in his hands all the countries of the civilized world and enable him to maintain the true faith everywhere, or, as it was then expressed, "to ensure peace to Christendom, and defend the cause of our Saviour against infidels and heretics." The very keystone of his edifice, Spain, would have slipped from him if he had let Joanna ascend the throne. Heterodox ideas, then so wide spread in the Peninsula, would no doubt have triumphed under the shelter of a moderate government, such as the Queen's would infallibly have been. He resolutely sacrificed his mother to his "mission," as Philip had sacrificed his wife to his avarice, as Ferdinand had immolated his daughter on the altar of his political schemes. Not that Charles acted with clear knowledge; far from it, and this is one of the numerous points on which we differ from Mr. Bergenroth: Charles was scarcely sixteen years old when his grandfather died, and for ten years he had known nothing about his mother except her captivity and her insanity. How should he, however prematurely corrupted he might be, have suspected a fraud on the part of his grandfather, whom he revered and admired? Perhaps he ought to have ascertained the truth for himself, but he made no haste to do so. Arriving in Spain in the summer of 1517, he did not go to Tordesillas until the following spring. One thing is certain, which is, that after this visit it was scarcely possible he should have continued to believe in his mother's absolute incapacity, we will not say to govern, but to enjoy her freedom. Evidently we have here an instance of one of those half voluntary illusions to which men willingly yield when they coincide with their interest.

In the first days of the new reign, it seemed, indeed, as if some alleviation might be looked for in the Princess's condition. Cardinal Cisneros (Ximenes), vice-roy of Spain before his master's arrival, removed the terrible jailer, Mosen Luis Ferrer, less out of pity for the Queen than from hatred of the "Aragones," whose place in the royal favour the Castilian nobility confi-

dently expected to fill, after the death of Ferdinand. At the same time the Cardinal sent a confidential person to Charles, to tell him that Ferrer had, by his treatment, endangered "the life and the health" of his mother. Ferrer, who really looked on the melancholy of Joanna as madness, declared that he had never given the *cuerda* to the Queen except by King Ferdinand's orders. The *cuerda*, according to Mr. Bergenroth, consisted in suspending the victim by the arms and attaching heavy weights to the feet, which at last caused disarticulation of the limbs. The cardinal would not listen to his excuses, persisted in the removal of Ferrer, and put a certain Estradas in his place. As for Charles, far from showing any indignation at the conduct of Ferrer, he was almost angry with the indiscreet vice-roy. "Seeing that to no one more than to me, belongs the care of the honour, the contentment and the satisfaction of the Queen, my sovereign, those who meddle in these matters cannot be moved by good intentions." In Flanders, if we may trust Diego Lopez de Ayala, who lived at the Court of Brussels, people were not duped by Charles's fair words. "Here," he writes to Cisneros on the 12th of July, 1516, "so far as I can see, the Queen's health is only spoken of *præter formam*, and without wishing for it the least in the world. Such people are very dangerous, and one is obliged to take care of his tongue."

We know nothing of Charles's first visit to Tordesillas, except that it took place on the 15th of March, 1518, and that, on parting from his mother, Charles left as her keeper don Bernardino de Sandoval y Rojas, Marques de Denia, and Conde de Lerma, clothed with discretionary powers over the person of the Queen, her servants, and the authorities and inhabitants of the town. From this moment our means of information become exact and abundant, for, beside the official correspondence intended to be read before the King's privy-councillors, there was a second correspondence read only by the King, and which the Marquis wrote with his own hand, in order not to initiate his secretary, as he says himself, into the terrible secret. Charles had in fact recommended him (April 18th, 1518) to be as prudent as possible, never to talk with Joanna before any one, not even before her women. He had highly approved his conduct in preventing the Queen's going out. "You must write," he added, "to no one but myself about matters which concern her highness, and you must always send your letters by a safe messen-



ger, since the subject is so important and of so delicate a nature." Denia answers that he appreciates all the importance of the secret and swears that "no one shall learn anything of the true state of the Queen." He even excuses himself for having written to Ferdinand, Charles's brother. "Even if he should remain a hundred years in this country," he adds, "I will communicate to him nothing of what occurs here." Later he asks Charles for a cypher by which to correspond still more safely. With each letter come new injunctions, new promises to keep the secret. Is it the Queen-Mother's insanity which they are thus striving to conceal from every one, even from the privy-councillors, when it is only by the assertion of it that Charles reigns? Is it not rather the fear that doubts may arise on the subject of this insanity, which might appear, and, in fact, did appear, to many persons, a mere nervous excitement increased by restraint? The secret correspondence found by Mr. Bergenroth will answer these questions.

What was pompously called the *palace* of Tordesillas was a rough building, more like a townsman's house than like a royal dwelling. The ground floor was almost entirely occupied by one large and extensive room, which looked out upon the Duero and the cheerless plain that spreads beyond. The other rooms, numerous but mean, were occupied by the Infanta Doña Catalina, — born immediately after Philip's death, during the journey from Burgos to Tordesillas, — by the Marquis de Denia and his family, and, finally, by the women who served and watched. As for the Queen herself, she inhabited a little chamber adjoining the large hall, and entirely without windows, or even sky-light. It was lighted only by a lamp which burned night and day. Joanna was never allowed to leave this room under any pretext, and it was in vain that her daughter Catalina, in a touching letter (August 19th, 1521), conjured her brother Charles "for the love of God to permit the Queen, his sovereign, to walk in the corridor by the river, or in that where the carpets were kept, and not to be hindered from refreshing herself in the large hall." As the passers-by might have heard her call, it was judged prudent to confine her to her dark room. On the rare occasions when she was allowed to leave it for a few moments, she was strictly watched.

Her annual expenses were first fixed at 30,000 crowns, then at 28,000; but her treasurer, Ochoa de Olanda, had orders not to let any of the money reach her hands.

The service and maintenance of the Queen and of the Infanta, as well as of the Marques de Denia and of his family, were paid out of this sum, which might appear sufficient, if it were not remembered that it was not equal to one quarter of the income of most of the dukes, nor to one half of that of many of the marquises of Spain, especially if we did not recall the luxury and splendour maintained by courts in the sixteenth century, precisely for the purpose of putting royalty beyond the competition of a nobility which had been so lately reduced to submission. The women who watched the Queen — for no man was ever allowed to penetrate within the palace — were usually twelve in number, and it seems that the Marquis had much trouble in maintaining order and discipline among them. The moment he reproved one of them, all the others "took her side and part," and all rose "like a regiment." Efforts were made to prevent them from holding communication with the world outside, which, as can well be imagined, only increased their desire to get out and gossip. There was not, says the Marquis, a wedding, a christening, a funeral, in the town, without their making some pretext for going to it, though the event might occur in families with which they were not more nearly related than in the tenth degree. Of course permission was refused them, and orders were given to the sentinels to stop them, but they would not have been women if they had not often succeeded in deceiving the vigilance of the guards, and carrying abroad vague rumours of what happened in the palace. Something, therefore, of the real condition of the prisoner did not fail to reach the public ear. "The consequence of these visits," wrote Denia to Charles, "is that they cannot resist gossiping with their husbands, relations, and friends, and chattering about what ought not to be known. . . . Members of the privy council have questioned me about things which they could only have heard of through Alarcon, the licensed reporter, husband of one of these women named Leonora Gomez, who cannot hold her tongue. . . . It is not wise to employ married women in the palace, especially when they are the wives of privy councillors, for it is absolutely necessary that what happens here should be kept concealed from all the world, and particularly from the council of state." He asks for strict orders, "otherwise the secret cannot be kept." Why all this mystery? Since there were doubts abroad in the country about



the reality of the madness of Joanna, why did they not hasten to dissipate them by showing the Queen to all comers?

There were cases in which it seemed difficult to resist the entrance of men within the palace. In 1519 Joanna was seriously ill. "Her highness has had violent fever for ten days, and she desired to have a physician called; but, as the fever has diminished I have not called one." As the fever diminished at the end of ten days! The idea is unique. The Infanta Catalina also became ill; her disease was scarcely a becoming one for a future queen, the itch. She was treated after an empirical fashion only, and by women, so that her health was seriously affected.

This time there was no choice but to call a physician. They sent for Soto, formerly physician to the Queen in Philip's life time, and already somewhat informed of the state of affairs. He was chosen in preference to any one who knew nothing previously. In spite of strict surveillance, the Queen succeeded in exchanging a few words with Soto, and the Marquis urges Charles Fifth, to purchase his silence by loading him with honours and with money. (June 6, 1519). The little Infanta, who was six or seven years younger than Charles, and who, for economic reasons no doubt, shared her mother's captivity, occasionally wrote letters to her brother, and these childish letters breathe a spirit of content and enjoyment. "We admire," says Mr. Bergenroth, "the suppleness of human nature, which bends to every pressure, and even adapts itself to this wretched life;" but we soon discover that these untutored letters are dictated by the Marquis and his wife. In fact the Princess has a chance, in 1521, to send her brother, without Denia's knowledge, a long memorial written with her own hand. This memorial is in quite a different tone from the letters. In this she enumerates her grievances, complaining bitterly of all that she and her mother have to endure from the avarice and the contempt of their jailers. She is personally searched when she goes out and when she comes in. The Marquis treats her harshly and haughtily, Denia's daughters wear her dresses, take away her jewels. One day when she receives a letter from the Countess of Modica, wife of the Admiral of Castile, who compassionated the fate of Joanna, they "almost tear her eyes out." She is not allowed to visit her mother; when the mother goes to see her daughter she is led back to her dark chamber. A letter written in another hand is appended to this memorial; it ends with a postscript in Doña Catalina's own writing,—

"I beseech your majesty," she says in this, "to pardon this letter being written by a stranger hand, but I cannot go on!"

If there was lack of physicians at the palace, there was no deficiency of monks; among them brother Juan de Avila and brother Antonio de Villegas were especially distinguished by their zeal. The conversion of the Queen was a point of importance, for without being a heretic she was very lukewarm in religious matters, and little given to observances. "As concerning the mass," writes Denia, three months after Charles's visit, "we are constantly occupied with it. Her highness wishes to to have it said in the corridor, where your majesty saw her, while I, myself, wish it said in the room adjoining hers. At any rate, whether it be in one place or the other, mass will soon be said." A month later he returns to the subject. "We are occupied every day with the affair of the mass. The reason of its dragging on for so long is, that we wish to see whether the Queen will not give her consent. That would be the best thing that could happen. Still, with God's help, her highness shall hear mass." In fact, in the month of September, 1518, an altar, hung with black, was prepared in the corridor, and the Queen consented to take part, in the presence of her daughter and of brother Juan, in divine service celebrated by brother Antonio. She even read aloud from her prayer-book: but when, according to Castilian custom, the Gospel and the *Pax* were offered to her, she made a sign that they should be passed to her daughter, and would not accept this royal privilege. What had induced her to make this concession, which, if we adopt a marginal note made by Charles's secretary, gave "great pleasure" to her son? Was it her own reason, which told her that it would not do to disown too much the religion of the majority of the Spanish people? Was it the eloquence of the monks? Was it the terrible argument of the *cuerda*? There is reason to fear that it may have been this last means of persuasion which completed the triumph over her powers of resistance. On another occasion, nine years later, the 11th of October, 1527, Denia did not hesitate to write to his master, "If your majesty commands that her highness be treated with consideration, your majesty . . . acts as a good son. Still it must be admitted that I, in my character of vassal, must do that which is useful for her highness." Now he had previously said what he believed would be "useful for her highness," assuring him that "nothing would

do her so much good as the torture," and that "it would be rendering service to God and to herself to apply it to her." What is certain is, that some years later, during her second captivity, Joanna was intractable on the question of religion, and protested that she had been subjected to violence. One day she went so far as to drag her daughter Catalina from the altar where she was praying (January 25th, 1522), and similar scenes were repeated, until Denia, on the 23d of May, 1525, asked Charles first for a Dominican who might better understand the art of persuading her than did the monks by whom she was surrounded; afterwards, "although it be a grave matter for a subject," for authority to give her the *premia*, euphemism indicating, if we follow the Spanish lexicographers, "violent means employed by a judge to obtain confessions."\*

At the period which we have reached (September, 1518), the queen seemed to have yielded. It is, therefore, hardly intelligible why they should still have persecuted her, if the salvation of her soul were the only source of anxiety to her guardians. Brother Juan de Avila is satisfied with the result, and becomes thenceforth one of the Queen's defenders. They make haste now to get rid of him; he is even consigned to his monastery; his letters grow more and more rare; his voice dies away "like that of a drowning man," says Mr. Bergenroth, until it is entirely silenced. The Marquis, however, did not cease from pursuing the principal object of his mission, which was evidently to extort from the victim a formal abdication; in which he did not succeed. We already know what was Joanna's power of resistance, and we cannot be surprised at the Marquis's ill success. We shall see hereafter, in the sequel of this story, that if there was a touch of madness about Joanna, it showed itself in a singular repugnance to placing her name at the bottom of any written document whatsoever, a repugnance resembling monomania, and which, no doubt, originated in the terror that from her youth had been inculcated on her with regard to this compromising act. She was the legitimate queen; it would be enough — this was repeatedly said by the best friends of Ferdinand and of Charles — it would be enough that the enemies of the

usurper should get possession of her signature, to raise the whole country against the "foreigner" — whether Aragonese or Fleming.

During all this time what are the actual symptoms of mental aberration in the Queen? Meals taken irregularly, dress worse than careless, long periods passed in bed, do not prove much, especially when the person concerned is in confinement and deprived of air and light. In forty-nine years not a single act of violence is mentioned, except one movement of impatience which, one day, made her raise her hand against a servant-woman; no prevailing fixed idea is attributed to her, for no contemporary, not even Ferdinand, the probable inventor of the whole romance, formally maintains that she refused to believe in the death of Philip; finally, we still have, attested and legalized by witnesses, the accounts of the Queen's conversations with the rebels; we possess the long interviews between the Marquis de Denia and the prisoner, interviews of which he made a faithful report to his master. Nothing there exhibits the slightest symptoms of madness. It is true that these interviews are strange; but this does not proceed from the Queen, for she shows plenty of good sense in her observations, is skilful and politic in her inquiries; the oddity proceeds from the Marquis himself. If the dead are resuscitated in these curious conversations, it is Denia who brings them to life, it is not poor Joanna, from whom he studiously concealed, first, the death of her father, Ferdinand, then that of her father-in-law, Maximilian of Germany, about whom he even invented a touching little fiction. He said the old emperor had such an affection for his grandson, Charles, that he had abdicated in his favour. The Marquis even went so far as to fabricate an autograph letter from Maximilian to his daughter-in-law announcing his generous act. At the same time he dictated to the Queen an answer which he counted on showing, but which she, faithful to her system, refused to write, or even to sign. Charles paid a visit to his mother; they made her believe that he had come to Spain only to intercede in her behalf with Ferdinand, who had already been dead more than two years. "I have told the Queen, our mistress," writes Denia, in 1519, "that the King, my master and her father, is still alive, in order to be able to maintain that all which displeases her highness is done by his command and according to his will. The affection she has for him makes her endure her fate more easily than she would endure it if she knew that he is dead.

\* M. Gachard, in a recent work on the same subject, arrives at different conclusions from ours, and gives, for instance, to the word *premia* a milder signification; relying on the *Dictionary of the Academy* of Madrid, he translates it simply *constraint, violence*; Mr. Bergenroth, on the other hand, appeals to the lexicon of Ramon Joaquim Dominguez "the only one of authority for the Spanish of the sixteenth century."

It is, besides, of advantage to your majesty in many other respects." These other advantages can be easily conceived when we remember the story designedly circulated that the Queen could not bring herself to believe in the death of Philip. A letter written by her to the dead Maximilian or the dead Ferdinand would have been an irrefragable proof of her monomania, which was still matter of incredulity to many.

As regards everything else, Joanna gives proof of a great deal of good sense in these conversations, reported almost verbatim by the commandant of Tordesillas to his master. She is greatly inclined to think that the truth about what goes on outside is concealed from her; she complains that everybody around her plays a part dictated to them by Denia. She tries, without much success it is true, to obtain authentic information about the state of opinion and of parties in the kingdom. She incessantly asks to see the *grandees* of Spain and to confer with them; she demands a visit from the *despensero mayor* which is, of course, not granted her; she makes efforts to get out of prison; sometimes it is the bad air from which she wishes to escape, sometimes simulated sufferings which require that she should leave the palace; she even expresses a willingness to hear mass regularly, if they will have it said in the chapel of the neighbouring convent. It is evident from all her language that she cherishes a hope of meeting some one in whom she may place confidence. She shows not only consummate shrewdness, but real eloquence. "Her words are so touching," writes the Marquis, "that we find it difficult, the Marquesa and I, to resist them. . . . It is impossible to allow any one to be admitted into her presence, she would win over every one. . . Her complaints moved me to great compassion. . . . Her way of talking would soften the rocks." "After I had written my last letter to your majesty" he continues, "her highness sent for me twice. She begged me to write to the King, her master [Ferdinand deceased], that she can no longer endure the life she leads, and that she has been a very long time here a captive and confined. Since she is his daughter, she says, he ought to show her some affection and treat her better. Reason alone requires that she should live in some place where she may learn something of her own affairs." The Marquis tries to soothe her, and Joanna answers him imperiously that she "only utters her complaints to him to relieve her heart, and that what she needs is not advice, but her daughter. She complained also," adds the reporter,

"that they have sent away the Infante,\* for since the death of the King, her master, [Philip], he and the Infante are her only comfort. . . 'He is now in Flanders, and although that is a better country than Spain, I should prefer nevertheless to have my son near me, and I am always afraid that yonder they may give him something to kill him.' She expresses many apprehensions on this subject." Was this very surprising for a daughter of Ferdinand? "For several days she has been very uneasy about the Infanta, and asks for her every moment. I asked her the reason of this. She answered: 'I am afraid the king, my master [Ferdinand], may take her away from me, as he has already taken the Infante; but I give you my word, if that should ever happen I would throw myself from the window or put myself to death with a knife.'" This is what was brought under Charles's eye! These are the complaints which a son had the courage to resist, because he was enrolled in the service of what is called a great cause!

We would not have our opinion misapprehended. We think we have proved that Joanna, never talking wildly, cherishing no monomania, never committing violent actions, was not insane in the true sense of the word. Nevertheless we admit that Charles and his confidant believed in her insanity, although they never make any allusion to it in their correspondence. They, perhaps, saw a veritable mental alienation in Joanna's fantastic humour, in her repugnance to observing the practices of her religion, in her nervous irritability, in her long fits of depression, in the irregularity of her daily habits; but they were perfectly aware, that this supposed insanity had no violent or dangerous characteristics. Charles at least, one would think, might have felt some pity for this unhappy mother, whose greatest fault was surely a most angelic tenderness towards her fellow creatures. This tenderness she had shown towards her husband in spite of all his misconduct to her; she had shown it for her father by submitting without a murmur to his cruel decrees; she was yet to show it for her son, by preserving his throne for him, when it was on the point of slipping away from him. In this danger lies the explanation of Charles's conduct. Immediately after his visit to Tordesillas, he had the means of learning the real state of feeling in Castile. His

\* Ferdinand, Charles's younger brother. It is evident from this that the Prince had remained at Tordesillas with his sister Catalina, at least until he was fifteen years old. All that the Queen was told about him and his sister Eleanor was entirely false.

own creatures, Ximenes, Velasco, Tortosa, Denia, put him on his guard. He became convinced of his personal unpopularity, and of that of his followers; he perceived the hatred excited by the Holy Inquisition. If the national party could gain possession of the person of the Queen, there was an end of Flemish power, and of the sovereignty of the true faith. The monarchical sentiment was too deep rooted for any fear to arise of a republican movement; but the stronger this sentiment, the more danger there was of a movement in favour of the lawful Queen. Charles therefore judged that the interest of the universal Church, and of the universal Empire, required that Joanna should be kept in strict seclusion.

### III.

The world knows of the events of 1520, and of the revolt of the *comuneros*, too surely founded on the imprudences committed by Charles, and the exactions of his Flemish followers. We will not describe here the first successes of the national insurrection, nor the dissensions which were not slow to arise between the citizen class and the nobility; we will not dwell on the defeat of the rebels at Vellelar, the execution of their chief, or the heroic defence of Toledo by Doña Maria Pacheco, the illustrious widow of Don Juan de Padilla. These facts only affect us in so far as they touch the unfortunate victim of Charles the Fifth's idealistic policy.

What Denia had foreseen, when he warned Charles that the Queen's popularity would be used against him, was soon realized. As early as the 24th of August, 1520, the army of the *comuneros*, commanded by Juan de Padilla, entered Tordesillas and took possession of the Queen's person, she being much beloved by the people, who had little belief in her madness. Would not her accession put an end to the odious union of the kingdom with those haughty Flemings, whose offensive conduct towards the Spanish people was having free scope, until the moment should arrive for the latter to take a bloody revenge? Almost a heretic, certainly very tolerant, would not the Queen put an end to the frightful religious oppression which was devastating the Peninsula, then more filled with Protestants than Germany itself, and where the performances of Adrian, Charles's preceptor, were throwing into the shade the high deeds of Torquemada, the director of Isabella's conscience? On the eve of the taking of Tordesillas, Bernardino de Castro, *corregidor* of the town, made his way into the presence of the Queen, and informed her "of many

things which had taken place since the death of her father, the Catholic King." He was not more successful in his urgency to obtain an order for the opening of the gates of the fortress to the popular army, than Denia had been in his efforts to obtain a contrary order. Joanna would do nothing until she could consult the members of the privy council. The next day the people, becoming masters of the town, took possession of the *palace* of Joanna. Immediately the Marques de Denia, and all, except one, of the women employed in watching the Queen, were dismissed; then they entered on the hearing, or rather on the inquiry, into the mental state of the Queen. No doubt Charles the Fifth took care to have the depositions burned; they are not to be found; but Adrian, the future pontiff, then Cardinal of Tortosa, and one of the vice-roys of Spain, punctually transmitted a summary of the case to his master. This summary is very faithful, and in it the former professor at Louvain seems almost to share the feeling of the witnesses,—he who, three months later, when Joanna's cause appears almost lost, has nothing but contempt for those who doubt her insanity. "Almost all the servants and officers of the Queen," he writes on the 4th of September, 1520, "declare that her highness is unjustly treated, and that she has been forcibly detained in this fortress for fourteen years, under pretext that her reason is disturbed, whereas in reality she has always been as reasonable and of as good sense, as in the beginning of her married life." "It is no longer a question of money losses," he writes farther on, "but of complete and permanent ruin, for your highness has usurped the royal title, and has forcibly held the Queen, who is perfectly in possession of her mind, in captivity, under pretext that she is mad,—this is what they assert." These are not isolated phrases; they are repeated in every letter. All, he admits, consider her "as competent to reign as her mother Isabella. . . . They say already that she is able to do no less than your highness, except that she signs nothing with her own hand, for they have not been able to persuade her to that." The Cardinal, who naturally distrusts the good faith of the rebels, cannot deny that Joanna has answered "with intelligence in certain respects, although she added things from which it is easy to infer that she has not the entire enjoyment of her reason; but they accept what suits them, and arrange it, and take no account of the contrary." Whatever may have been the motives of the captains of the army of the Commons, they imparted their conviction immediately

to the heads of the insurgent towns, and everywhere the faithful Castilian people sent up thanksgivings to heaven.

In all the transactions in which she was personally concerned during these one hundred and three days of liberty, Joanna gave evidence, if not of great resolution and political tact, at least of all the good sense which could be expected from a person kept in seclusion for the previous fifteen years, and completely ignorant of what had been occurring during that time. She takes some pains about her dress and is interested in that of her daughter. We still possess the memoranda of the notaries concerning the audiences which she granted to the leaders of the *comuneros*, and there is no reason to doubt the good faith of these notaries. The secret agents of Adrian, who were present at these meetings, furnished reports which correspond entirely with theirs. The Queen received Don Juan de Padilla and his friends very graciously, on the 1st of September; but she refused them her signature. On the 24th of September she gave audience to the rebel chiefs, whose orator, Dr. Zuñiga, professor (*cathedrático*) at Salamanca, knelt before her to read his report. She bade him rise, saying she should hear him better so, then caused a cushion to be brought for herself to sit on, adding, "I wish to hear everything with calmness and to the end." They desired her to approve the acts of the revolted people. "Whatever is right," she answered, "shall have my approval; but whatever is wrong I condemn." She passed rapidly over the conduct of Ferrer and Denia towards her. "I am one of the two or three sovereign Queens in the world; but the simple fact that I am the daughter of a king and queen ought to have sufficed to prevent my being ill-treated." She complains of having been deceived by wicked men who concealed her father's death from her, who told her "falsehoods and lies," who prevented her from taking part in public affairs; she expresses her regret at learning that foreigners have oppressed the land, and she congratulates her faithful Castilians on not having avenged themselves as they might easily have done. She invites them to apply remedies to the evils that afflict the country; she will devote herself to the work as much as she is able, overcome as she is by grief, having only now learned the death of her revered father; she asks them to nominate a permanent delegation of four trustworthy men to deliberate with her, and when Juan de Avila suggests that the audiences of these delegates shall be appointed for one sitting a week, she interrupts him

at once, to say that she wishes to see and speak with them as often as may be necessary. Nothing in her conduct or her words has any resemblance to insanity. The leaders of the movement, desirous to introduce into the minds of all the people the conviction they themselves entertained of the perfect intellectual health of Joanna, called in physicians from all parts of the kingdom to make statement of the real condition of the Queen. They even several times invited Adrian, Charles's representative in Spain, to come to Tordesillas and satisfy himself. The cunning Belgian, who never cared to know the truth when the truth might chance to trammel him, took pains not to place himself under the necessity of either yielding to the evidence or lying. He practised the high art of ignoring what was disagreeable.

Adrian was not confident at the beginning, and in each of his letters he recommended a general amnesty, the expulsion of foreigners, the personal presence of Charles, and expressed a conviction that the cause of the rebels would be gained whenever the Queen should place herself at their head. Joanna either did not dare, or did not choose. Was it scruple, was it lack of energy and resolution? It is difficult at this late day to decide. Educated with the prejudices of her time and of her rank it seemed to her, no doubt, an unheard-of thing that simple burgesses should take part in affairs of state such as rightfully devolved on the nobility. Completely ignorant of the state of parties and of Charles's disposition with regard to her, misled by Adrian's secret emissaries, she did not place entire confidence in the leaders of the *comuneros*. Were they not rebels against legitimate authority? Were they not deceiving her? Could she lend herself to be used as an instrument in the hands of insurgents against the royal family? She, so respectful towards her father, at whose hands she had suffered so much, so faithful to her unworthy husband, could scarcely make up her mind to act against her own son. "Let no one attempt to make trouble between me and my son," she said. "Whatever belongs to me is his, and he will take care for the welfare of the kingdom." Mr. Bergenroth thinks her conduct shows profound calculation. By explicitly refusing, instead of evading and temporizing, she would have played into the hands of the other claimants, — of the Beltraneja her cousin,\* or of Pedro Giron, the descendant

\* Joanna, called La Beltraneja because she was believed to be the daughter of Beltran de la Cueva,



of Alonzo; the *comuneros* would immediately have turned to one of these two. It appears to us that her timid refusals have a more natural explanation. After being imposed upon for fourteen years, she had become extremely distrustful. Furthermore, Charles's secret messengers came into her very presence for, compared with the skillful executors of the imperial wishes, the rebels were mere novices in the art of putting a person out of the way. These emissaries urged her never to give her signature; they made her believe, as she was already too well disposed to think, that she was to be made use of as a weapon against royalty itself. "I cannot express in words," wrote Charles, on the 7th of October, 1520, "the pain I feel in thinking of the great insolence and contempt with which they [the deputies] treat the Queen, my mistress." The Constable of Spain, Íñigo Fernandez de Velasco, who commanded Charles's army, and who was closely connected with Adrian, talked of "the holy enterprise of rescuing the lawful Queen from the hands of a barbarous soldiery." Francisco de Leon, one of Adrian's agents, promised her, formally, that the commander of the royal army would leave her at liberty. "They lie who say she will be shut up again." These manoeuvres succeeded only too well with Joanna. In vain did the *comuneros* urge her to make a decision in their favour: she would not place herself at their head; she even availed herself of every kind of stratagem, and exhibited a singular knowledge of the processes and the formalities by which to gain a few days and give the army of the nobles time to arrive. Attempts made to intimidate her only made her more firm. If she had not the power to will, she had learned from childhood not to bend to the will of others. On their knees they conjured her, offering her pen and ink, to sign the proclamation which would have made her undisputed mistress of the kingdom; she refused, urging the deputies to come to an understanding with the nobles. "The *grandees* and nobles," she said, "are my loyal servants. They will harm no one. Let them enter the town." They took good care not to consent to this, and the royal army was forced to attack the fortress on the 5th of December, 1520. It easily gained the victory over the undisciplined array of improvised citizen soldiers. Joanna went, radiant with pleasure, to meet the victors. A solemn reception took place at the palace; the Queen saw about her all the nobles whose

presence she had so often demanded; she had an amiable greeting for each of them, till suddenly she caught sight of the sinister countenance of the Marques de Denia.

The nobles, as it appears, deliberated on the fate of the Queen. Admiral Fadrique Henriquez declared that "he believed her to be in the entire enjoyment of her reason;" but Vega, the *comendador mayor*, maintained successfully that "it would be the greatest misfortune for Spain to have two sovereigns," (8th December, 1520), and the Admiral's opinion did not prevail. All these nobles had been enriched at the expense of royal domains which were inalienable; they feared they might be obliged to disgorge, and be despoiled of these illegally acquired possessions, in case Joanna came to reign; and these apprehensions were authorized by the only act of sovereignty which Joanna had signed in 1506. These gentlemen, moreover, even the Flemings who were among them and who had always detested the queen, — were good Catholics. Now the orthodox faith had every thing to fear from so tolerant a sovereign;\* and finally they would have been forced to share their power with the low class which had lately risen and liberated the lawful Queen. They could not accept the situation. "God in his wisdom and justice established the distinction of classes at the creation of the world," said the Marquis de Villenas in a circular addressed to the nobility, "and it is the duty of every Christian to put down rebellion against divine institutions." Once decided to adhere to Charles's party, the nobles were, of course, obliged to conform to his orders, and his orders were categorical. The next day Joanna returned to her prison, never again to leave it.

#### IV.

JOANNA'S second captivity was still more severe than the first. Denia, reinstated in his functions, was irritated by the insults which had been put upon him during these three months; he had been treated as a jailer, an executioner, a tyrant; he took his revenge on his prisoner. From this period especially date the punishments of which we have spoken. Joanna, on her side, was indignant at the part she had been made to play, outraged by the impositions of which she had been the victim. She resisted Denia's regulations more than ever, and continually protested against the religious duties which they tried to force upon her. Brother Juan de Avila, who had be-

had been upheld as heiress to the throne by a part of the nobility, after the death of her reputed father, Henry IV. of Castile. She did not die till 1533.

\* The documents which we are examining contain four petitions of the nobles against "the error of Luther which has penetrated into Spain."



come her friend and support, was removed. The Infanta was taken from her to be married to the King of Portugal; left thenceforward absolutely alone, she herself was incessantly watched. Charles came to see her, on his second visit to Spain, but without in the least changing her treatment. Harassed by proselyting monks, a prey to remorse and regret, aware that henceforth all means of recovering her liberty were lost, having always before her mind an irreparable past, knowing that she was the victim of her own son, it is obvious that her reason could no longer resist. She thought herself pursued by evil spirits; she fancied that she saw a great black cat rending the souls of Ferdinand, her father, and of Philip, her husband; she had sudden fits of terror. These hallucinations were followed by calm and lucid intervals, during which she reasoned as well as during the first twenty years of her imprisonment. If her mind still resisted, however, her body was crushed. At last she ceased to leave the unwholesome bed in which she took her meals; she finally sank into a state of beastly degradation, and the last tokens of decay were not spared her.

The day of her deliverance arrived on the 12th of April, 1555, after forty-nine years of captivity, when she had reached the age of seventy-six. She had still to go through terrible conflicts, before she was released from this frightful existence. The evening before her death, Fray Domingo de Soto arrived and held a long conversation with her. They wished to force her to confess, to perform her last religious duties. The fearful cries of the unhappy creature in her resistance were heard as far as the town. The son of the Marques de Denia, who had succeeded his father, — it was a kind of dynasty of jailers, — professes that she died without confessing, and without receiving extreme unction. The Princess Joanna, the Queen's grand-daughter, affirms, on the other hand, that she consented at the last moment to take the communion. However it may be, she expired between five and six o'clock in the morning; "rendering thanks to the Lord," who at last released her from her long torments.

A few months later Charles abdicated. Would it be presuming too much to assert that the death of his mother had some share in his decision? Did not this terrible admonition invite to reflections on the futility of human projects? It is hard to imagine a more cruel punishment of a cruel policy than the consciousness of this prolonged crime, this useless crime. As Mr. Bergenroth says, Charles was not one of

the men who, in the turmoil of life, lose sight of the distinction between right and wrong; neither has he for excuse, like his grandfather Ferdinand, the moral indifference of the time in which he lived. He knew that he was criminal in treating his mother as he did, and he undoubtedly suffered keen remorse. Had he not said himself that there were bad things which a man must be able to commit if he is a Sovereign? *Sacrificar su consciencia*, was, according to him, the most painful, but the first, duty of a monarch. "He who is not ready for that has no right to govern." Charles the Fifth believed that his idea could be realized only at the price of his conscience; he consented to pay the price, and the idea was not realized. After being involved in wars and plots all his life, he was obliged to quit the world's stage before he was summoned from it, to divide with his own hand that famous *monarquía* for which he had sacrificed everything, even his family, even his mother. He already foresaw the defection of his hereditary land of Flanders, and he, who aspired to unite the whole universe under the imperial crown of Germany, was the first kaiser who was forced to let a part of his own territory, the bishopric of Lorraine, be torn from the empire. He was not more fortunate in his mission of maintaining the true faith; first the treaty of Passau, afterwards that of Augsburg, consecrated heresy and gave it a legal existence. That religious unity, the dream of which he had cherished so long, was gone forever. Thus it was that, burdened with fruitless crimes and borne down by ill success, he retired to San Yuste.

The question is sometimes asked, of what use are historic inquiries and why is not the world content simply to accept facts of public notoriety attested by contemporary historians. It would be useless to answer those who put such questions, that history is, above all things, a science, that it seeks after truth, and has no other absorbing desire but to discover truth. They can never comprehend the interest the historian finds in this incessant search, nor the delight of an investigator, who succeeds in establishing the real character of a fact, without heeding whether his discovery will fall in with, or run counter to, his passions, his party interests, or his prejudices. This is one of the satisfactions which disinterested labourers alone can enjoy. Another kind of pleasure is reserved for the *happy few*. For them history is an art; like a tragedy of Shakespeare, it reproduces in their essence the action and the

actors of the great human drama. Such of the things of this world as seemed mysterious, contradictory or fortuitous, become transparent to the glance of one who knows how to look at them; the hidden motives, the secret springs of the souls of men, manners, passions, characters, hover before him at that distance which renders their outlines more distinct, while it lifts the results above our direct selfish interests, our personal fears, our immediate appetites. What everybody should be able to appreciate is the moral instruction to be drawn from historical researches. In the first place the course of an evident progress of conscience is apparent. No sovereign could now do what three princes of the sixteenth century carried out with impunity against a daughter, a wife, and a mother. This progress does not grow slower, on the contrary, it is accelerating every day. Fifty years ago the black cabinet was an accepted fact; now-a-days the mere suspicion of a violation of the privacy of a letter raises a positive storm in any civilized country. More than this; in proportion as we penetrate farther into the very heart of history, certain great laws become more and more prominent, and they contain a singular power of consoling, a lesson well calculated for encouraging, those who defend the cause of liberty. Not that statesmen draw direct profit from this teaching; no situation is ever exactly reproduced; the actors are different, ideas are transformed, circumstances are changed, and politics will forever be a great improvisation, inspired by the moment and by necessity, for which it is no more possible to find models and precedents which can be imitated, than to find rules and theories by which to form one's conduct in it. The great law which reveals itself in history is none the less of a nature to fortify those who feel themselves grow feeble in the conflict, to console those who might be tempted to despair, for it proclaims the powerlessness of false ideas. Look at that idea which was cherished in the middle ages for a thousand years, for which the noblest hearts struggled, which the most wicked

defended by crimes; the idea of a political and religious unity for all Europe. Well! neither courage, nor sacrifices, nor crimes, nor violence, nor riches, nor power, could realize that idea, whose triumph would have been the death-note of our civilization, for that owes its development to the pacific emulation, or it may be to the warlike rivalry, of the European nations. It was for want of recognizing the necessity of living national individualities that Charles the Fifth failed in his political enterprise, as he failed in his religious mission, for want of comprehending the necessity of sects. If Protestantism in the sixteenth century had triumphed all along the line, no doubt it would soon have degenerated into a theocracy more intolerant than any other hierarchical system. If, on the contrary, Catholicism had stifled reform, if it had not been driven to have recourse to the great renovating processes of the Council of Trent and the Society of Jesus, in order to struggle with its dangerous rival, it would not probably be the active religion which has resisted so many attacks, and which approaching events may transform, but cannot shatter.

Political unity! religious unity! foolish dreams of visionary minds, or of insatiable ambition, dreams which will never be realized; while the struggle among rivals, the assertion of reciprocal rights, respect for diversities of nature and conviction, — liberty, in a word, — religious or political, civil or international, — opposed, often by the mighty of the earth, more often by passions and interests, has triumphed over everything and everybody, and continues its victorious course, with a step ever more assured, towards the reign of toleration, from which the world seemed so far away a few centuries ago. Does not the amount of liberty now enjoyed by us, in the most despotically governed state in all the West, seem like unbridled freedom when we compare it with the constraint and silence which reigned three hundred years ago, and which rendered possible such crimes as those we have been describing?

K. HILLEBRAND.

A CONGRESS of Philosophers has just taken place at Frankfurt, under the presidency of Prof. von Leonhardt of Prague. It lasted from Sept. 25th to Oct. 2. The chief addresses were, — on the necessity of associations for spreading a spirit of loyalty to principles, — on the life of the will as the foundation of the moral conception of Hu-

manity, — on the necessity of an association for the promotion of morality (*Sittlichkeitsverein*), at the end of which enthusiastic cheers were called for to the memory of Fichte, — on the Pestalozzian and Fröbelian systems of education, — on the continuance of the life of the individual.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE FARM AND THE FAIR.

"On the Sunday which followed my visit to the Pinatels, François' wife did not make her appearance at church, nor did she go to her duties at Christmas. The Pinatels were certainly by no means fervent Christians, but, still, the women of the family were tolerably regular in their attendance at Church. I asked the widow why her daughter-in-law did not come with her, and what she was doing at home. 'Nothing, as usual,' the woman answered. 'There she sits at the corner of the chimney, with her arms crossed and her feet in the ashes. If her petticoats happened to catch fire, I don't believe, Heaven forgive me, that she would stretch out her hand to put it out!'

"I was in the habit of visiting the different families in my parish once or twice a month, according to what I supposed to be their need of spiritual advice or consolation, and only under exceptional circumstances broke through this rule. A fortnight therefore elapsed before I went again to the Pinatels. This time I found the young woman alone. She was sitting in the sun near the door of the house, her peasant's hat overshadowing her eyes, so that she only saw me when I was within a few steps of her. She seemed disagreeably surprised, and starting up suddenly, said in Provençal, 'There is nobody at home. They have all been out in the fields since morning.' I answered in French, 'If I am not in your way, I will sit down and rest a little while.' She had probably fancied that I knew nothing of her former position, for she blushed and seemed surprised that I did not speak to her in the dialect of the country, as I did to the other members of the family. But she soon recovered her self-possession, and with the air and manner she would have had in her mother's drawing-room, she said, 'Will you do me the honour to walk into the house?' I thanked her, but declined; and we remained seated on the bench outside.

"The weather happened to be wonderfully mild for the time of year. The birds hopped joyously amongst the bushes, and the little snowdrops were beginning to peep out in the sheltered spots under the hedges. 'What a beautiful day it is!' I said to the pale, stern young creature by my side. 'I always think this bright sunshine is like a look of love — the love of a merciful God — on the works of His hand. The most deeply-afflicted soul should be cheered by these benignant rays, which seem to give new life to all creation. We feel that God

is our Father, and that He watches over us.' She did not answer, but looked at me in that sneering, offensive way which persons who have no religion always put on with Priests, when they endeavour to suggest to them thoughts of faith, gratitude, and love of God. I had often met with this sort of contemptuous treatment at the hands of men imbued with the prejudices of philosophical intolerance, and I had sometimes been insulted by impious boasters who glory in abusing the habit I wear, but the hostile, unfriendly manner of this young woman took me painfully by surprise. I went on to speak of the great consolations which the practice of Christian duties affords, but my words had an effect quite contrary to what I intended. They provoked an outburst I little expected, and which revealed opinions I could never have imagined to exist in a person of her age and sex. She began at once to argue, or rather to hold forth, explaining her views and calling into question the teachings, not only of the Church, but of the Holy Scriptures. I was amazed at discovering in so young a woman such false and presumptuous ideas, such obstinacy in error, and a sort of impassioned scepticism. She had a mind at once arrogant and disputatious, which was easily worked up to excitement, and a heart which nothing seemed to soften or touch. There was not an atom in her of what the world calls tenderness and sensibility, but she possessed an impetuous imagination, full of false enthusiasm. As I sat listening to her, I could perfectly understand how her unbridled passions had misled her, from one folly and one fault to another, into her present miserable position. I was young myself at that time, and had not yet learnt to fathom the fearful depths of the human conscience. I was so shocked at the state of that unhappy soul that I began silently to pray for her with all my heart, and to beseech our Blessed Lord to dispel by a miracle of grace her miserable pride. Whilst I was thus pouring forth secret supplications to the divine mercy for her, the young woman, who fancied she had humbled and silenced me, said, in a light tone, 'There is an end of the argument. Let us talk of something else.' I knew that I could give her some useful advice with regard to her position and the line of conduct she would do well to follow with regard to her husband's relations, but she did not let me finish what I had to say. 'I know very well what I have to expect,' she interrupted. 'These people detest me, and nothing will ever alter their feelings towards me; and I must own, that if they hate me,

I hate them just as much. We must, however, put up with one another on both sides till the widow Pinatel can pay her son the sum that is due to him from his father's inheritance. It is only thirty louis; but with that we shall be able to hire and stock a small farm, which we shall manage ourselves. My husband has been already looking out for something of the kind, and has heard of a place that would just suit us. It is a property belonging to an *émigré*, so it will be long before the owner comes back. The worst of it is that we must wait till next Michaelmas, almost a whole year. But never mind; I must have patience.' This plan appeared to me very questionable, and I ventured to observe that it would be difficult to make it answer. 'You are not used to work,' I said; 'and in spite of all your energy and goodwill, it will be hardly possible for you to accustom yourself to a life of so much labour and fatigue. Moreover, your husband will not be, perhaps, as much of a help to you as you fancy. He has never followed the plough nor handled the spade like his brothers.' 'You may as well speak plainly,' she replied, very composedly. 'He is an idle fellow; and not only idle, but also addicted to drinking and gambling. I know his character very well. It is all his mother's fault. She has suffered him from his boyhood to haunt the fairs and markets, where he associates with horse-dealers and gypsies, and all sorts of vicious and profligate people. Even since we have been married she tolerates, and even seems to approve of, his frequent absences from home. She even goes so far as to help him to find excuses for getting away from me. When we have a farm of our own he will not be able to wander about the country. I shall manage to keep him at home then. He will leave off loitering in the public-houses; he will lead a quiet, industrious life, the appointed lot of man on earth, and fulfil all the duties of a good citizen and the head of a family.'

'Christian charity compelled me to hold my tongue; but any one, the least acquainted with François Pinatel, must have been aware that he would never be able to earn his livelihood by agricultural labour; and that he was only capable of exertion when he had occasion to display his extraordinary strength. He had none of the qualities requisite for a farmer — patience, perseverance, shrewdness mixed with a certain amount of mistrust, and, above all, economy. He was a thick-skulled, good-hearted, merry wight, easily led astray, and subject to sudden outbursts of passion. In spite of all his defects, he had always been his

mother's favourite child, and she perfectly knew his character. With great prudence she had taken care not to make over to him his share of the paternal inheritance; but, on the other hand, when this her prodigal son came home, his piece of bread and basin of soup were always forthcoming.

'It would have been vain to try and explain to the young wife the sort of tutelage her husband required, and which she would never herself be able to exercise. I therefore only begged her not to undertake anything without her mother-in-law's advice, and withdrew with the sad consciousness that I had not succeeded either in enlightening her as to the perils of her immortal soul, or even as to the questions relating to her temporal interests.

'A few days afterwards, I left St. C——, Monseigneur d'Aix having appointed me to other functions. My flock thus passed under the spiritual care of another Curé. The most disastrous days of the Revolution were then at hand; the Church was threatened with an impending schism, and the Priests, who refused to adhere to the civil constitution of the clergy, with persecution. During several months I went from place to place in the diocese enlightening the undecided and strengthening the courage of the weak. Towards the end of my circuit I came to S——, a small town about five miles from St. C——. It was then about the beginning of October, and nearly a year since I had left my parish. I arrived on the eve of the fair, which is one of the principal ones in that part of the country, and the occasion of a great concourse of people. It is a market as well as a fair, and on the last three days a festival. Opportunities of temptation and ruin are never wanting at gatherings like these. Gambling goes on at a frightful rate, high stakes are played for, and important affairs transacted. The kind of people who live by cheating their neighbours flock there in numbers.

'The next morning, as I was coming out of the vicarage where I lodged, I met the abbat. He was dressed in a new suit of clothes, and was going towards the site of the fair with a bustling, consequential air and manner. I went up to him to inquire after his relations. He answered, 'They were all well when I came away. My mother is just the same as ever; straight as an arrow, and as active as a girl of fifteen. My wife, also, is pretty well, but she looks thinish.' 'Are you here alone?' I asked. 'My eldest brother was coming with me, but he could not manage to get away,' he replied. 'You must know, M. le Curé,

that my hands are pretty full of business just now. I have taken a farm of three hundred perches of land in one lot. It is no small affair, I can tell you, to cultivate such a property as that. I have already engaged a man to drive the oxen, a shepherd, and a ploughman; and now I am going to buy a pair of oxen, a horse, and a hundred sheep. And then we must have corn to last us till the next harvest.' 'All that will cost you a good round sum,' I said. He tapped his leathern belt, making the money within it jingle, and, lowering his voice, said, 'I have seven hundred francs here, which my mother brought me in her apron just as I was coming away.' Thereupon we parted, and went our different ways. About an hour after, as I was crossing the market-place, I saw him going into a sort of *café* where well-to-do farmers, rich horse-dealers, and most of those who come to the fair with well-filled purses were wont to congregate. I knew that gambling went on there, and that the stakes were very high; but it never entered my mind that François Pinatel would adventure himself in such society, or be tempted to play at *rendôme*, a ruinous game of hazards. He was in the habit of keeping with the younger men, and I thought as soon as he had transacted his business he would be sure to go and wrestle with them or shoot at the target.

"In the afternoon I went into the olive groves to read my breviary, and it was late before I returned from my walk. As I was coming back into the town I met the abbat without his hat, which in the case of a peasant is a sign of the greatest agitation of mind. He was walking to and fro, heedless of the passengers, whom he elbowed without mercy. As soon as I appeared, he rushed up to me and said, 'M. le Curé, can you lend me a piece of six francs?' 'I have only one of three francs,' I replied. 'It is very much at your service; but in the first place you must tell me what has happened; and taking him by the arm I forcibly drew him away from the crowd to a quiet spot where nobody could overhear us. He suffered himself to be led like a child, and would not answer at first any of the questions I put to him; but suddenly rousing himself, he told me, with a volley of oaths intermingled with bursts of grief, that he had lost at play every penny he possessed. It was not the time for reproaches, or for trying to move him to repentance; all I could do was to try and soften his despair. But he had one of those excitable, unreasoning natures which must give full vent to their violence before it can subside. He kept repeating over and over again,

'My mother! oh, what will my mother say! I had rather die than go home. I am not afraid of death. It is so easy to throw oneself headlong into a well.' I shuddered at the thought that if left to himself he might commit such a crime, and that neither the sense of God's justice nor the fear of eternal punishment would be sufficient to restrain him from self-destruction. In the midst of his bursts of passion he had moments of weakness, when he would sit down, and hiding his face in his hands, moan and weep like a woman. I took advantage of one of those intervals to say to him, in an authoritative manner, 'Now, my dear Pinatel, there is only one thing to do. You must go back at once to St. C—, and, relying on your mother's kindness, own to her what has happened.' 'No, no,' he exclaimed; 'I will never show my face at home again. I will go away, and nobody shall ever hear of me again.' 'Get up,' I said; 'get up at once and come. I shall go with you.' By degrees his refusals became less positive, and at last he yielded and we started.

"I tried as we went along to make him feel how wanting he had hitherto been in his duties to God and to his family, and spoke of the way in which he might in future make amends for his faults. He listened with deference to my observations, but I cannot say I had the consolation of hearing at that time from his lips one word of real repentance. He soon calmed down however, and his natural recklessness and levity got in some measure the better of his grief. Before we were half way to St. C—, he had recovered sufficient composure to enable him to give me a detailed account of the misfortune which had befallen him. 'I will tell you the real truth,' he said, with a sigh. 'I wanted to buy a gold chain for my wife. That was the cause of it all. A gold chain costs, you see, about sixty francs. When my eldest brother married he gave his wife a chain. I was vexed that I had not been able to make the same present to my wife. The fact is, that my mother would not listen to reason about it; not that she is partial to my eldest brother—God forbid I should say such an untruth—but she takes things into her head, you see. And three women in a house are just like three cats in a bag. Now my sister-in-law is jealous of my wife because they call her in the village the fair peasant; and, on the other hand, my wife is vexed because my brother's wife shows off her gold chain on Sundays, as if on purpose to taunt her with it.' 'I do not think your wife can care about that sort of thing,' I said, in hopes of cutting short



what threatened to prove a long digression. 'Oh, but I can tell you she does,' he replied, and then went on — 'Well, to come back to what I was saying, I wanted to buy a gold chain, and I had only just money enough to pay for the stock and a few sacks of corn. It suddenly came into my head to try my luck at *vendôme*. I went into the *café* with a piece of six francs in my hand, but quite resolved not to risk a penny more. It was Nicholas Fidelier that held the stakes. He had a heap of gold louis in front of him. I threw in my six francs, and unfortunately won; upon which I instantly staked three louis, and lost them. This made a hole in the price of the pair of oxen. I risked three more louis, and lost again. The blood began to rush to my head. I said to myself that the next time luck was certain to turn, and I staked and lost six louis more. The whole price of the pair of oxen was gone. I threw down a louis on the board just to try once again. The banker's card was drawn, and that time I won. Somebody behind me said that now I should be sure to win, because the banker had crossed his little finger with his thumb, which was a certain sign of bad luck. This put me into spirits, and I played on without reckoning, and lost again. Seventeen louis went in that way. I could still have bought the sheep and a little corn, but I had engaged the man to take care of the oxen, and the ploughman, and so that would not do. I played on, and lost everything up to my last piece of twelve sous — up to my last farthing; and then, as ill luck would have it, I borrowed from Jean Paul, a neighbour of ours, four pieces of six francs, which I now owe him. You were quite right not to let me have your piece of three francs. It would have gone the way of the others. I might have known this morning that some misfortune would befall me, for as I was going out of the house I met a black dog running after a hen.'

"I exclaimed against this gross superstition, and tried to make him feel ashamed of it. But he would not give in about it, and added, 'It was just the same two years ago, when I went to Malpierre for the first time. I should have done well then to turn back again. Only think, just as I was setting out I saw a crow flying lower than the top of our hen-coop. If my poor dear mother had known it she would never have let me leave home that day. It is not that I exactly repent of my marriage. But you see, M. le Curé — I speak to you as a friend, and I don't mind saying it to you — the peasant who marries a lady brings into his house the seven capital sins in person.'

'How can you say anything so shocking?' I said indignantly. 'Well, if not the whole seven, four or five of them at least,' he quietly subjoined. 'Hold your tongue, unhappy man,' I said. 'It is shameful of you to talk in this manner, after misleading that young girl into marrying you.' 'I did not mislead her a bit,' he replied. 'As sure as that I must die one day, I never made up to her. The first time I went to Malpierre for the St. Lazarus, about two years ago, she was present at the games. After the wrestling-match was over, there was a ball, and I was her partner. It was no doubt a great honour, but I declare I should have liked better to have been with my friends, who had agreed to sup together on a rabbit-pie. She spoke to me in a pretty, smiling sort of way, and as in duty bound, I answered in the best way I could. Before we parted she said some civil things I did not at all expect. I stayed at Malpierre because she asked me, and she used to give me *rendezvous*, harmless ones, in all conscience. She stood up there on the terrace of the castle, and I down there under a tree at the entrance of the village. We looked at each other and spoke by signs. Sometimes I went under her window, and she threw down bits of ribbon. You see it was all nothing but folly and nonsense, and it never entered my head that the end would be a marriage in church. But that was what she wanted, that headstrong girl, and she contrived to have her way about it. Well, well, perhaps her father and mother will think better of it, and may forgive her one of these days.'

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE NIGHT AFTER THE FAIR.

"WHEN we came near St. C —, and in sight of the house, the abbat began to tremble, and to regret that he had come. 'I cannot go in,' he exclaimed; 'I shall never have courage to go up to my mother and tell her what I have done — I had rather die.' 'Well, I will go in first,' I said, 'and break to your mother this sad news.' 'Oh, yes, M. le Curé,' he cried, greatly relieved, 'you will tell it before every body. You see, I am only afraid of the first moment; as soon as they all know of it, I shall come in. Beg my mother to forgive me; tell her she must.' 'And your wife, — your unhappy wife?' I said, reproachfully. 'Oh, as to her,' he answered, 'I am not afraid; she will forgive me fast enough.'

"We went up to the door. The abbat stayed outside. I charged him not to go



away, and went in myself. All the family were seated round the table at supper. I suppose my countenance betrayed uneasiness, for as soon as the widow Pinatel saw me she exclaimed, 'Oh, my good Lord! Has some misfortune happened? What are you come to tell me, M. le Curé? I entreated her to be calm, and to make up her mind to submit to the will of God, for that I had indeed a painful bit of news to give her. 'It must be about François,' she cried, beginning to tremble; 'all the others are here. My boy, my poor boy! What has happened to him?' The abbat's wife came up to me, looking pale and anxious, but she did not say anything. 'What has happened to my son?' the widow exclaimed, in a voice of despair. 'You will see him in a moment,' I answered; 'he is alive and well, but something very sad has happened to him.' I then gave a brief account of what had occurred. I added that François was deeply penitent, and that it was grief and shame which prevented him from coming in. She listened to me in silence, and then raising her eyes to Heaven, murmured, 'God be praised; I thought a worse misfortune had befallen us. I was afraid my poor boy was dead. Let him come in, M. le Curé—I won't reproach him. It was his own money, and it is very sad that he should have made such a bad use of it, but nobody has any right to quarrel with him about it.' The abbat had crept into the stable, and when he heard what his mother said he came in, and threw his arms about her neck in a transport of gratitude. 'Don't be afraid, my poor boy,' she cried, with a somewhat ostentatious display of maternal affection and generosity; 'there will always be bread enough for you in your mother's house.' His brothers shook hands with the abbat, and made room for him at the table, but his wife remained aloof, and did not utter a word. She was sitting in a corner of the room, with her hands on her knees, and her head hanging down. He went up to her and spoke in a whisper, as if trying to appease her, but she listened in gloomy silence, without raising her head or making any answer. He renewed his entreaties, and tried gently to make her turn her face towards him. Then her fury broke out. 'Leave me alone,' she exclaimed in a loud voice, and standing up with a look of terrible anger. 'You are a wretch, unworthy of my notice. Do you suppose I am going to share the bread which, as a beggar, you will receive from your family? No. As you have not chosen to go out of this house with me, I shall go away alone, and leave you on the dunghill where you were born,

mean vagabond that you are?' The abbat turned pale with rage, and raised his hand; she drew back with a cry. Everybody rose and rushed towards them. The widow Pinatel seized her son by the arm and held him back. I went up to the young woman, who was standing upright against the wall, looking straight before her with a fixed gaze. One of her cheeks was of a deadly white, the other crimson. 'He has struck me,' she said, with a fearful expression of countenance; and then, without listening to me, without saying a word or looking at any one, she walked out of the room, and we heard her going up the stairs, and uttering terrible curses.

"Hold your tongue," cried the abbat, exasperated, 'or else I——' 'Leave her alone,' cried the widow, compelling him to sit down; 'do not put yourself in the wrong. She began by insulting you, and you punished her. Now you must make friends, and try and live peaceably together.' 'Well, we shall see about that,' he muttered; 'but, do you know, that if you, my own mother, had said such things to me, I really think I should have flown at you.'

"It was getting late, and I had to go back to S—— that same evening. The eldest Pinatel offered to accompany me, as he had business to transact the following day at the fair. Just as we were starting, the widow seemed to have a presentiment. She turned to the abbat, and said, in an anxious manner, 'You ought to go and sleep at S——. Your wife is very angry, and if you speak to her again to-night something worse may happen than what took place just now.' 'Do you think I am afraid of her?' he answered, half affronted. 'I'll tell you what, mother, she shan't insult me another time as she did just now.'

"We went our way. The weather was fine, the full moon was shining on our road. Before losing sight of the house I turned my eyes once more towards it, and uttered an earnest prayer for the proud and rebellious soul I had left behind me. Alas! I ought to have been pleading for another soul, then about to appear before the judgment seat of God!"

The Abbé Lambert sighed deeply, and again seemed reluctant to proceed with his narrative, but M. de Champaubert, in an agitated voice, implored him to finish it. Upon which, with what appeared a painful effort, he went on.

"Well," he said, "this was what happened. On the following day, as I was going to the church, I saw some one on the high-road in the direction of St. C——,

walking very fast, and coming my way. This man, as he passed me, called out, 'There was a murder last night at the Pinatels. The fair peasant has killed her husband; I am going to Aix for the police.'

When M. de Champaubert heard these words he hid his face in his hands, and uttered a deep groan. I shuddered, and turned my eyes away from the picture, as if the criminal had been really present.

"Well, she was certainly a very wicked woman," my uncle ejaculated.

"I at once determined," the Abbé said, "instead of going on to the church, to hasten to St. C——. Before I arrived there I met another man, who confirmed the terrible account I had heard from the messenger. 'It is the fair peasant who has committed the crime,' he said, 'there is not the least doubt about it. Last evening she quarrelled with her husband. They went to bed, however, as usual, and nothing was heard in the night. But this morning, the wife of the eldest son, who had got up at day-break to bake, as she passed by their room felt her foot slipping in something, which turned out to be blood, which she then perceived to be oozing out from under the door. She screamed for help, and the two younger Pinatels, who were just going off to the vineyard, heard her. They ran up-stairs, and found their brother lying murdered in his bed. It would look as if she had stabbed him in his first sleep, for he had evidently not moved. Just now, when I came away, he was still alive, but was expected every minute to breathe his last.' 'And that woman?' I asked, with a shudder. 'They don't know where she is,' he answered, 'but they are gone in search of her. She must have escaped across the fields, for the door of the house was found open. But it is impossible she can escape; the whole village are after her, bent on avenging the abbat.' I hurried on, begging of God with all my heart to give me time to prepare that unhappy man to appear before Him. As I approached the house I heard cries and sobs, which made me afraid all was over. The room down-stairs was full of people, for the Pinatels held a certain position in the village. I was told the abbat was still alive, but not conscious. I made my way up the sort of ladder which served as stairs, and into a dimly-lighted room, where all the family were gathered round the abbat, who was lying in the position of a man asleep. A white sheet covered the bed, and only his face was to be seen resting against the pillow. His mother was bending over him with inexpressible grief, and kept now and again speaking to

him, as if she hoped he could hear her. When I came in she exclaimed, 'Yesterday you brought him back full of life and health, and now he is about to die! That she-wolf murdered him in his sleep like a poor, helpless lamb.'

"I must try to help him," I said, and with a strong feeling of faith in my heart I knelt down on the opposite side of the bed. I fancied the abbat moved then and opened his eyes. The doctor arrived at that moment. He raised the sheet, and after having ascertained that the pulse was still beating, he leaned over the dying man to listen to his almost imperceptible breathing. Then he came round to my side of the bed, and looking at me, shook his head. 'Is there no hope?' I asked, in a low voice. 'Not the slightest,' he answered. 'The poor fellow has only a few minutes to live. It would have been over long ago but for the extraordinary strength of his constitution. Life does not easily withdraw from that young and vigorous frame.'

"I went close to the abbat, and felt for his hand. 'My son, my dear son,' I said to him, 'if you wish God to forgive you, raise up your heart to Him now. Pray with me; pray for your wife and forgive her. You have only a moment more to live, but that moment may purchase the pardon of all your sins. Do you hear me, my dear son? Are you sorry for all your sins, and do you forgive your wife in the hope that God will forgive you?'

"He made an effort to speak, but failed. I had, however, the unspeakable consolation of feeling his hand feebly grasping mine in token of assent, upon which I gave him absolution. He turned his languid eyes towards me, and then towards his mother. A few moments after, François Pinatel gave up his penitent and ransomed soul into the hands of his Maker.

## CHAPTER XII.

### WHAT BECAME OF THE PICTURE.

"WHEN I returned to S——, I heard that the wretched criminal had been arrested and put into prison at Aix. It was not possible for me to visit her, for at that time none but the Priests who had taken the oath could enter the State prisons. The only thing I could do was to write her a letter, in which I said everything which Christian charity could say to excite her to contrition, and to save her from despair. I had the satisfaction of ascertaining that my letter had reached her.

"In times of popular commotion and political disturbances, the law deals silently,

as it were, with great criminals, and on that account the unhappy woman escaped a horrible celebrity. After lingering in prison for about a year, she appeared before the tribunals which had been substituted for the old parliamentary courts, and was tried and condemned according to the newly-enacted laws. She was sentenced to be branded by the executioner, and to imprisonment for life. I was not in France at that moment; the violence of the persecution had compelled me to take refuge in the States of the Church, and by the time I heard of her sentence, she had already undergone a part of it. When I returned from exile, the whole affair was nearly forgotten. I only learned that the fair peasant, as she was still called, was in the penitentiary of Embrun, and that the widow Pinatel had died, of grief as it was supposed, because the judges had not sentenced her daughter-in-law to death."

"And since then you have heard nothing of that unhappy woman?" exclaimed M. de Champaubert.

The Abbé Lambert hesitated a little, as if he felt some scruple about giving a direct answer to that question. At last he said, I subsequently learnt that by her sincere repentance and exemplary conduct she had earned her pardon, and come out of prison. Her situation even then was very sad. She had nothing to look to but destitution and universal reprobation. Somebody, however, who knew by what a deep and sincere repentance she had atoned for her crime, helped her to conceal her name and to obtain the means of earning an humble livelihood."

"M. le Curé," said M. de Champaubert, in an agitated manner, "I entreat you to make further inquiries about her, and to let me know the result. It is my anxious desire to secure her sufficient means to live upon, so that she may end her days in quiet."

The Abbé Lambert bowed low, and said, "I will try, M. le Marquis."

Dom Gêrusac looked at the picture, and said, "How extraordinary it is that I should have had so long under my eyes, without the least idea of it, the heroine of such a dreadful story. My dear Abbé, you ought to have told me of it."

The Abbé Lambert looked puzzled.

"That is Mdle. de Malpiere's picture," I said; "did you not recognize it, M. l'Abbé?"

He shook his head, and answered sadly, "No, indeed I did not. Even when I first saw her she had not that blooming, smiling face; she was not like that picture."

A long silence ensued; the candles were nearly burnt out, but a fresh supply of fagots threw out a blaze which lightened up the room. It had left off raining, but the wind still whistled amongst the trees and shook the outer blinds. When the clock struck twelve, M. de Champaubert got up and wished us good-night. He was to set out early on the following morning, and it was settled that we should walk with him as far as the high road. Before leaving the room, he went up to the Abbé Lambert, shook him by the hand, and emptying his purse on the corner of the chimney, he said in a low voice, "This is for your poor people, M. le Curé, and I intend every year to renew the same offering."

I did not close my eyes for some hours that night, and I do not think M. de Champaubert slept at all. Long after midnight I heard him pacing up and down his room. We were both thinking of that beautiful but guilty woman who had been his first love, and whose portrait had bewitched me thirty-five years afterwards. I could not divest myself even then of a strange interest about her. My mind kept dwelling on her tragical fate. I shuddered at her crime, but thought nevertheless that the abbat had deserved a thousand deaths for having dared to strike Mdle. de Malpiere. I ascribed the terrible vengeance she had taken, to the proud spirit of her ancestral race, which could not leave an insult unrevenge. The thought of her low-born spouse excited in me both jealousy and anger. In spite of his miserable end, I thought he had been only too happy to be her husband, and envied him his destiny. I spent the night in a feverish, restless state. The same image kept passing and repassing before my eyes, whether I opened or closed them, sometimes smiling, sometimes looking stern and mournful. I was fast asleep, however, when Dom Gêrusac called me the next morning. M. de Champaubert was soon ready, and we started. The mild rays of an autumn sun were gilding the valley, no early frosts had yet blighted the fresh green of the foliage. The chilly robin-redbreast was chirping in the hawthorn bushes, and beautiful butterflies hovered over the rosemary bushes. But above that level, where the soft breezes of the south were blowing from the coasts of the Mediterranean, rose the crests of the mountains, already covered with their snowy mantles.

Before we reached the high road, M. de Champaubert turned round and gave a last look at the surrounding landscape. He gazed on the two lofty peaks separated

by a deep chasm which crowned the southern side of the nearest mountains, and murmured with a deep sigh, "There is the Pass of Malpiere." A few minutes afterwards we arrived at the spot where his carriages were waiting. He shook hands with me in a very cordial manner, and then turning to my uncle, said with much feeling, "Now that we have met again my dear old friend, I find it hard to part with you."

"And yet we have had a melancholy time of it," murmured my poor dear uncle, "and all along of that horrid portrait."

The two friends embraced. The Marquis sprang into his carriage, and stretching his head out of the window, made us a last sign of farewell. We soon lost sight of the carriage in the midst of a cloud of dust, but stood awhile on the roadside watching the white speck vanishing in the distance.

The first thing Dom Gêrusac did when he came home was to send for Babelou, and to desire her to carry up to the lumber-room the object of my romantic worship. When she had left the room with it, he turned to me and said, "The sight of that dreadful woman would have disturbed my digestion; I should have always been thinking at dinner of her horrid adventures. And after all, that portrait is a wretched daub. I am sorry to say so, for Champaubert's sake, but really the arm is quite out of proportion, and the little finger of the right hand very badly drawn. In short, it is a wretched performance, and I was very foolish ever to hang it up over my chimney-piece."

I did not remonstrate against this verdict, nor would I ask my uncle to make me a present of the picture he held so cheaply, and which I so highly prized. I should have been afraid of exposing my folly if I had ventured to express a wish to possess it; but I resolved to steal the despised treasure, and to carry it off with me. There was no time to lose, for my holidays were almost over. I was to go back to college on the next day but one. I did not apprehend any great difficulty in the matter. I had only to make my way into the lumber-room, which was in a corner of the attic, to bring away the picture, and to intrust it to some boy, who for an adequate consideration would undertake to carry it to the place where I always met the diligence.

Before going in search of this accomplice, without whom I could not carry out my scheme, I insidiously questioned Babelou. "How did you manage, my dear," I said, "to get that heavy picture up stairs? It must have been difficult to find room for it in the attic?"

"Oh, I just poked it behind the door," she answered; "I had something better to do, I promise you, than to hunt out a place for it amidst all the old rubbish up stairs."

"Does my uncle keep his odds and ends under lock and key?" I asked, trying to put on an appearance of indifference.

"He thinks he does," she replied with a shrug; "but as we are always going in and out for one thing or another, the key generally remains hanging by the side of the door."

I went away, satisfied with this information, and spent almost all the day wandering about with a gun in my hand, by way of shooting, but really to try and find in the neighbourhood a youth capable of executing my orders. At last I met a young scamp who for a five-franc piece I gave him, engaged to do my bidding and hold his tongue. I desired him to come that evening, and station himself at the bottom of the alley, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. He was to bring with him two wicker trussels, between which I intended the beloved picture to travel. I fully meant always to keep it with me. When all this was arranged, I came in and prepared to perform my part in the plot.

It was getting late. The light was waning, and a melancholy silence reigned in the house. There was nobody in the drawing-room, only the dogs sleeping in the arm-chairs. I thought my uncle was in the library, hard at work over his books, and Babelou in the kitchen. The moment seemed particularly favourable. I went upstairs with flushed cheeks and a beating heart, like a man engaged in a desperate adventure. The lumber-room was, as I said before, on the third story. Just as I arrived at the top of the stairs I met Dom Gêrusac, with his reading-lamp in his hand, and his spectacles pushed back on his forehead. He looked grieved and dismayed.

"Poor Marion," he said, "is as ill as possible; the Abbé Lambert has just given her the last sacraments. She may die at any moment."

My heart sank within me, more, I am ashamed to say, at the failure of my own plans than at the news about Marion. Her room was next to the one where the picture was, and the present state of things made it impossible to remove it without attracting notice from those who were assembled round her bed. My uncle, who was truly grieved about his old servant, took my arm to go down stairs. We found Babelou crying in the entrance-hall.

"Poor Marion," she said, wiping her eyes with her apron, "was too courageous.

I am sure she was very ill yesterday, but she would rather have died in the kitchen than gone to bed before the dinner was cooked. And yet she knew very well that she was dangerously ill. Whilst I was waiting at table, she told Gothou to send immediately for M. le Curé. It was for her that he came last night in all that pouring rain. To cheer her up this morning, I showed her the two gold pieces which M. le Marquis had given us. She then said she felt much better, but it did not last long, and now she is dying!"

We went into the drawing-room, and half an hour afterwards the Abbé Lambert came in and told us all was over. Marion's all but sudden death was one of those events which throw a bachelor's house into sad confusion. My poor uncle was quite distressed, and kept repeating, "She was a very faithful creature. During the twelve years she lived with me I never had occasion to find the least fault with her. I shall find it no easy matter to replace so good a servant."

I was occupied, meanwhile, in considering whether it would be possible to carry of Mdlle. de Malpiere before the next morning. Suddenly my uncle said, "I wonder who are the heirs of that poor woman? A year's wages were owing to her, and she had put by a little money, I think. If she has any relatives it must go to them. I must make inquiries."

The Abbé shook his head; he was writing a memorandum for the Registrar. When he had finished it, he handed over the paper to my uncle, who was sitting on

the opposite side of the table. I saw Dom Gêrusac start, and throw up his hands and eyes with a gesture of profound astonishment. Almost unconsciously, I approached, and looking over his shoulder, glanced at the paper and read—"To-day, October 12, 18—, died at St. Pierre de Corbie, Madeleine Marie de Malpiere, widow of François Pinatel."

"Marion! Marion was Mdlle. de Malpiere!" I almost shrieked out the words. The Abbé Lambert and my uncle were both leaning against the table with their hands clasped together; I think they were praying. Babelou was sobbing behind the door.

I went and sat down at the corner of the chimney, with my head resting on my hands. I did not move or speak the whole evening, and at about twelve o'clock went to my room. Soon afterwards I heard some one under my windows, calling to me in a suppressed voice. It was my accomplice, who, tired of waiting in the alley, was come to remind me of our appointment.

"I have not got it, and I don't want it," I angrily cried; "go along with you."

Fifteen years afterwards, after the death of Dom Gêrusac, who had made me his executor and residuary legatee, I found Mdlle. de Malpiere in the same place where Babelou had put her. The mice had done some mischief to the painting, and the little finger, which my poor dear uncle had found so much fault with, had disappeared. I had it cleaned and repaired, and it now figures in a very respectable manner in my portrait-gallery.

**UNSOWN CROPS.**—The sudden and apparently spontaneous appearance of unsown crops on a slight change in the condition of the soil, or of plants entirely new to the neighbourhood, when fresh ground is tilled for the first time, is a well-known phenomenon. In particular, farmers are familiar with the fact of the universal appearance of sufficient white or Dutch clover completely to cover the ground when heath-land is first ploughed. It is very common also for railway embankments or cuttings to be covered, for the first few years after their construction, with plants indigenous to the country but new to the neighbourhood. The usually accepted explanation of these facts is that the soil is everywhere full of buried stores of seeds of all descriptions, which require only favourable circumstances of warmth, light and moisture, to bring them to life. In his Anniversary Address to the Lin-

nean Society, the distinguished President, Mr. Bentham, points out the objections to this theory, which rests rather on circumstantial than on direct evidence. Where the seeds are not very small, as in the case with the white clover, they ought to be easily detected by a careful search, if present in sufficient quantities to form a complete crop. Mr. Bentham doubts also whether there is any satisfactory evidence of seeds retaining their vitality for any considerable length of time unless kept perfectly dry, as in the case of the grains of wheat preserved in Egyptian mummies; and calls attention to the rapidity with which large numbers of seeds may be transported to a given spot of earth in an exceedingly short space of time by the agency of birds. The interest and importance of this subject would amply reward a careful series of experiments and observations.

Academy.



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ISLAM.\*

THE Sinaitic Manifestation, as recorded in the Pentateuch, has become the theme of a thousand reflections in the Talmud and the Haggadah generally. Yet, however varied their nature — metaphysical, allegorical, ethical — one supreme thought runs through them all — the catholicity of Monotheism, its mission to all mankind. Addressed, apparently, to a small horde of runaway slaves, the "Law," those fundamental outlines of religious and social culture, revealed on Mount Sinai — "the lowliest of the range, to indicate that God's Spirit rests on them only that are meek of heart" — was indeed intended, the Masters say, for all the children of men. "Why," they ask, "was it given in the desert, and not in any king's land?" — To show that even as the desert, God's own highway, is free, wide open to all, even so are his words a free gift to all; like the sun, the moon, and the stars. It was not given in the stillness and darkness of night, but in plain day, amidst thunders and lightnings. Indeed, it had been offered to all nations of the world before it came to the "chosen one." But they, one and all, had pointed to some special national bent or "mission" with which one or the other of these commandments would have interfered, and so they declined them all. And intensely characteristic are some of the ethnological pleas put into their mouths by the, at times, humorous Haggadah. As for those trembling waifs and strays, who, worn out with "anguish of spirit and cruel bondage," a short while since would not even listen to the message of Liberty, and who now, scared with terrors and wonders, cried "We will obey and hear!" — obey, as the commentators keenly point out, unconditionally, whatever we may hear — to them no choice had been left. Had they not accepted the "Law," that self-same mountain would have covered them up, and that desert would have become their grave: — a dictum significantly echoed by the Koran.

But — the Legend continues — when the Law came to be revealed to them in the fulness of time, it was not revealed in their tongue alone, but in seventy: as many as there were nations counted on earth — even as many fiery tongues leap forth from the

iron upon the anvil. . . . And as the voice went and came, echoing from Orient to Occident, from heaven to earth, all Creation lay hushed in awful silence. No bird sang in the air, the winds were still, the Seraphim paused in their three times "Holy!" "And all men," says Scripture, "heard and saw." They "heard" the voice — and to each it bore a different sound: to the men and the women, the young and the old, the strong and the weak. It appeared unto them like the voice of their fathers, their mothers, their children, all those whom they loved with their holiest and tenderest love. And they "saw." In that self-same hour God's Majesty revealed Itself in its manifold moods and aspects: as Mercy and as Severity, as Justice and as Forgiveness, as Grace and Peace and Redemption. And through the midst of all these ever-varying sounds and visions there rolled forth the Divine word, "I am the everlasting, Jehovah, thy God, *One God!*" . . .

In these and similar strains the wide and all-embracing nature of the Monotheistic creed and call is set forth in numerous documents, to which we again venture to draw the attention of our readers, and from a new point of view. If, on a former occasion, we endeavoured to sketch out of themselves their own aim and purport, their poetry and their prose, their law and their legend, we shall now endeavour to show how they may be, and must be, utilized for the investigation of phases of creed and thought apparently wide apart in time and tendency and place; how far they form one of the most important sources — the most important one, perhaps — of Islam.

We are not about to enter here into any "Origines Islamismi." This lies, at present, beyond our task. But those who would adequately work out the problem of the Talmud — as far as it lies within individual range — must needs look somewhat deeply into the story of these phases. And with regard to Islam, it seems as if the knowledge of its beginning and progress, its tenets and its lore, were not quite as familiar as they might be to the world at large, notably England, which "holds the gorgeous-East in fee."

But before we proceed with our subject, which we shall treat with all the reverence and all the freedom which belong to Science in these our days, let us look back — but a few centuries — and see, what for instance, the great theologians and scholars of the time of the Reformation thought and said of Islam; of its doctrine, and the preacher thereof.

Daniel's "Little Horn" betokens, ac-

\* 1. *The Koran*.

2. *The Talmud*.

3. *The Sunnah*.

4. *The Mir'at*.

5. *Mohammed*. By Sprenger. Allahabad, 1851.

Svo. Berlin, 3 vols., 1861-65. 8vo.

6. *Life of Mahomet*. By William Muir. 4 vols.

London, 1859-61. 8vo.



cording to Martin Luther, Mohammed. But what are the Little Horn's Eyes? The Little Horn's Eyes, says he, mean "Mohammed's Alkoran, or Law, wherewith he ruleth. In the which Law there is nought but sheer human reason (*eitel menschliche Vernunft*). . . . "For his Law," he reiterates, "teacheth nothing but that which human understanding and reason may well like." . . . Wherefore — "Christ will come upon him with fire and brimstone." When he wrote this — in his "army sermon" against the Turks — in 1529, he had never seen a Koran. "Brother Richard's" (*Predigerordens*) "Confutatio Alcoran," dated 1300, formed the exclusive basis of his argument. But in Lent of 1540, he relates, a Latin translation, though a very unsatisfactory one, fell into his hands, and once more he returned to Brother Richard and did his Refutation into German, supplementing his version with brief but racy notes. This Brother Richard had, according to his own account, gone in quest of knowledge to "Babylon, that beautiful city of the Sarassins," and at Babylon he had learnt Arabic and been inured in the evil ways of the Sarassins. When he had safely returned to his native land, he set about combating the same. And this is his exordium: — "At the time of the Emperor Heraclius there arose a man, yea, a Devil, and a firstborn child of Satan . . . who wallowed in . . . and he was dealing in the Black Art, and his name it was Machumet. . . ." This work Luther made known to his countrymen, by translating and commenting, prefacing and rounding it off by an epilogue. True, his notes amount to little more than an occasional "Oh fie, for shame, you horrid Devil, you damned Mahomet!" or, "Oh Satan, Satan, you shall pay for that!" or, "That's it, Devils, Sarassins, Turks, it's all the same!" or, "Here the Devil smells a rat," or, briefly, "O pfui Dich, Teufel!" — except when he modestly, with a query, suggests whether those Assassins, who, according to his text, are regularly educated to go out into the world in order to kill and slay all Worldly Powers, may not, perchance, be the Gypsies or the "Tattern" (Tartars); or when he breaks down with a "*Hic nescio quid dicat translator*." His epilogue, however, is devoted to a special disquisition as to whether Mahomed or the Pope be worse. And in the twenty-second chapter of this disquisition he has arrived at the final conclusion that, after all, the Pope is worse, and that he and not Mahomed is the real "Endechrist." "*Wohlan*," he winds up, "God grant us His grace, and

punish both the Pope and Mohammed, together with their Devils. I have done my part as a true prophet and teacher. Those who won't listen may leave it alone." . . .

In similar strains speaks the learned and gentle Melancthon. In an introductory epistle to a reprint of that same Latin Koran which displeased Luther so much, he finds fault with Mohammed, or, rather, to use his own words, he thinks that "Mohammed is inspired by Satan," because he "does not explain what sin is," and further, since he "showeth not the reason of human misery." He agrees with Luther about the Little Horn: — though in another treatise he is rather inclined to see in Mahomed both Gog and Magog. And "Mohammed's sect," he says, "is altogether made up (*conflata*) of blasphemy, robbery, and shameful lusts." Nor does it matter in the least what the Koran is all about. "Even if there were anything less scurrilous in the book, it need not concern us any more than the portents of the Egyptians, who invoked snakes and cats. . . . Were it not that partly this Mohammedan pest and partly the Pope's idolatry have long been leading us straight to wreck and ruin — may God have Mercy upon some of us!" . . .

Thereupon Genebrard, on the Papal side, charged the German Reformers, chiefly Luther, with endeavouring to introduce Mohammedanism into the Christian world, and to take over the whole clergy to that faith. Maracci is of opinion that Mohammedanism and Lutheranism are not very dissimilar — witness the iconoclastic tendencies of both! More systematically does Martinus Alphonsus Vivaldus marshal up exactly thirteen points to prove that there is not a shadow of difference between the two. Mohammed points to that which is written down — so do these heretics. He has altered the time of the fast — they abhor all fasts. He has changed Sunday into Friday — they observe no feast at all. He rejects the worship of the Saints — so do these Lutherans. Mohammed has no baptism — nor does Calvin consider such requisite. They both allow divorce — and so forth. Whereupon Reland — only 150 years ago — turns round, not without a smile on his eloquent lips, and wants to know how about the prayers for the dead, which both Mohammed and the Pope enjoin, the intercession of angels, likewise the visiting of the graves, the pilgrimages to the Holy Places, the fixed fasts, the merit of works, and the rest of it.

If there be any true gauge of an age or a nation, it is the manner in which such age

or nation deals with religious phases beyond the pale. We shall not follow here the vicissitudes of that discussion of which we have indicated a few traits, nor the gradual change which came over European opinion with regard to Islam and its founder. How the silly curses of the Pridcaux, and Spanheims, and D'Herbelots; how their "wicked impostors," and "dastardly liars" and "devils incarnate," and Behemoths and beasts and Korahs and six hundred and sixty-sixes, gave room, step by step almost, to more temperate protests, more civil names, less outrageous misrepresentations of both the faith and the man: until Goethe and Carlyle, on the one hand, and that modern phalanx of investigators, the Sprenger, and Amari, and Nöldeke, and Muir, and Dozy, on the other, have taught the world at large that Mohammedanism is a thing of vitality, fraught with a thousand fruitful germs; and that Mohammed, whatever view of his character (to use that vague word for once) be held, has earned a place in the golden book of Humanity.

There is, however, another view which, though more slowly, yet as surely, is gaining ground in the consciousness, if not of the world at large, yet of those who have looked somewhat more closely into this matter. It is this, that Mohammedanism owes more to Judaism than either to Heathenism or to Christianity. We would go a step further. It is not merely parallelisms, reminiscences, allusions, technical terms, and the like, of Judaism, its lore and dogma and ceremony, its Halachah and its Haggadah (words which we have explained at large elsewhere,\* and which may most briefly be rendered by "Law" and "Legend"), which we find in the Koran;† but we think Islam neither more nor less than Judaism as adapted to Arabia—plus the apostleship of Jesus and Mohammed. Nay, we verily believe that a great deal of such Christianity as has found its way into the Koran, has found it through Jewish channels.

We shall speak of these things in due season. Meantime, we would turn for a moment to certain mediæval Jewish opinions, both on Christianity and Islam, which will astonish our readers. They belong to very high authorities of the Judæo-Arabic Dispersion in Spain:—Maimuni, generally called Maimonides, and Jehuda Al-Hassan

ben Halevi. The former, at the close of his great "Digest of the Jewish Law," fearlessly speaks of Christ and Mohammed as heralds of the final Messianic times. In filling the world with the message of the Messiah, with words of Scripture and its precepts, they have, he says, caused these exalted notions and sacred words to spread to the furthest ends of the earth. The latter—sweet singer, as well as great philosopher—wrote a book, in Arabic, called "Kusari," wherein a Jew, a Christian, and a Mohammedan, are made to defend and to explain their respective creeds before the King of the Chazars—the king of the country now called the Crimea—who, in the tenth century of our era, had, together with his whole people, embraced Judaism. The Jewish speaker compares the religion founded by Moses to a seed-corn, which apparently dissolved into its elements, is lost to sight; while in reality it assimilates the elements around and throws off its own husk. And in the glorious end, both it and the things around will grow up together even as one tree, whose fruit is the Messianic time. The concise description of Islam which the author puts into the mouth of the Mohammedan interlocutor is so fair and correct that it might stand at the beginning of a religious Mohammedan compendium.

But in this they were but the exponents of the real feeling of the Synagogue from the earliest times, on this matter. For, startling as it may seem, what we are wont to consider the emphatically modern idea of the "three Semitic creeds"—being, by their fundamental unity on the one hand, and their varying supplementary dogmas on the other, apparently intended to bring all humanity within the pale of Monotheism—is found foreshadowed in those Talmudical oracles. They who composed them were truly called the Wise, the Disciples of the Wise. They did not prophesy: they would have shrunk with horror from a like notion; but with a heart full of poetry they often combined marvellous keenness of philosophical insight. And thus, while they develop the minutest legal points with an incisive logical sharpness, while they keep our imagination spell-bound by their gorgeous lore, they at times amaze us with views apparently wide apart from their subject; but views so large, so enlightened, so "advanced," that we have to read again and again to believe:—even as the age of the Renaissance was amazed and startled when the long-buried song and wisdom of the Antique were made to open their divine lips anew.

\* See Article "Talmud," Quart. Rev., Oct. 1867, p. 429. (Living Age, No. 1246.)

† Several of these have been pointed out from Maracci, Eland, Mill. Sale, to Geiger (1833)—the *sa'ele princeps* on this field—Muir, Nöldeke, Rodwell, &c.

Parallel with those transparent allegories of all mankind being addressed on Sinai; or those other of "God's name being inscribed in seventy languages on Moses' wonder-staff;" or of "Joshua engraving the Law in seventy stones on the other side of the Jordan;" there runs the clear and distinct idea of certain apostolic Monotheistic nations or phases. They are three in number. These three are our three "Semitic creeds."

We shall, out of the many Variants that, in more or less poetical guise, embody this thought, echoed and re-echoed by the highest authorities of the Synagogue, and as often used and misused in fierce mediæval Judæo-Mohammedan controversy, select what we consider the very oldest. It is found in the *Sifre*, a work, although of somewhat later redaction, anterior to the Mishnah, and often quoted in the Talmud as one of its own oldest sources.

A homiletic exposition of Numbers and Deuteronomy, it lovingly carries at the last chapter—Moses' parting blessing. The Tanchuma introduces this chapter by the striking remark that while through all other blessings recorded in the Pentateuch—of Noah, of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob—there always rings some discord, some one harsh note, whereby the bliss foretold is concentrated upon some special heads to the exclusion of others, the dying song of Moses is one unbroken strain of harmony. Its golden blessings flow for all alike, and there is none to stand aside, weeping. And the *Sifre*, in a kind of paraphrase of the special verses themselves, literally continues as follows:—"The Lord came from *Sinai*," that means:—the Law was given in *Hebrew*; "and rose up from *Seir* unto them," that means it was also given in *Greek* (*Rumi*); "and he shined forth from Mount *Paran*," that means in *Arabic*." . . . .

There is a fourth language added, "He came with the thousands of Saints," and this means *Aramaic*." Even granting the typical nature of the three geographical names alluded to—and it is not to be denied that Sinai and Seir are constantly used for Israel and Esau-Edom-Rome, while Paran plainly stands for Arabia, whether or not it be the name of the mountains round Mecca as contended—the connexion of the "thousands of Saints" with Aram, does not seem quite clear at first sight—unless it means Ezra's puritans. What, however, is quite clear by this time is this, that "Aramaic" is typical of Judaism; that Judaism which has supplanted both Hebraism and Israelitism, and which, having

passed through its most vital reformation under Aryan, notably Zoroastrian auspices, during the Exile, subsequently stood at the cradle both of Christianity and Mohammedanism. Aramaic represents that phase during and since the Babylonish captivity whose legitimate and final expression is the "Oral Law," the Talmud: that Talmud, which with one hand—like those Puritans—reared iron walls around the sacred precincts of Faith and Nationality, and with the other laid out these inmost precincts with flowery mazes, of exotic colours, of bewildering fragrance—"a sweet-smelling savour unto the Lord."

When the Talmud was completed (finally gathered in, we mean—not composed), the Koran was begun. *Post hoc—propter hoc*. We do not intend to convey the notion as if the Talmudical authors had foretold the Koran. On the contrary, had they known its nature they would scarcely have bestowed upon it the term of "Revelation." But here is the passage: a wondrous sign of their clear appreciation of the elements of culture represented by the nations and clans around them. Hellas-Rome and Arabia appeared to them the fittest preparatory mediums or preliminary stages of this great Sinaitic mission of Faith and Culture. They were not mistaken. Small wonder that they sought and found a sign for this "Call" in the very words of Scripture.

*Post hoc—propter hoc*. The Hebrew, the Greek, the Aramaic phases of Monotheism, the Old Testament, the New Testament, the Targum, and the Talmud, were each in their sphere fulfilling their behests. The times were ripe for the Arabic phase.

In the year 571, was born Mohammed—or he, who, together with his mission, appears with that significant name of the "Praised," under which he was supposed to have been foretold in the Old and New Testament.\* It was but a few years after

\* There exist very grave doubts as to whether this really was the Prophet's name. Originally called Kothan, he is held to have first adopted that epithet of Mohammed under which he has been adored by untold millions for twelve centuries now, either together with his mission or, perhaps, not even before the Flight. It is not easy for us upon the exact passages, either in the Old or New Testament, to which the Prophet himself alludes, as foretelling him by name: as Mohammed in the Old, and as Ahmad, another form of the same name, in the New. Regarding the latter, probably John's Paraclete (amended by some into *περικλυτός*), which in Arabic might be Ahmad, is meant. As to the Old Testament, the Vulgate—that most faithful receptacle of Jewish tradition, as transmuted to Jerome by his Rabbis—will best help us. There is no doubt that, with that root *hamad* there is generally mixed up some kind of Messianic notion in the eyes of Targumists and Haggadists. And when in Haggit ii. 8, we find the word "Hendah" as a precious thing, rendered,

the death of that Byzantine Louis XIV., Justinian, who had aimed at creating one State, one Law, one Church throughout the world; who had laid the first interdict upon the Talmud; who most significantly gathered building materials from all the famous "heathen" temples — of Baal of Baalbeck and Pallas of Athens, of "Isis and Osiris" of Heliopolis and the Great Diana of Ephesus, therewith to re-construct the Hagia Sophia at Constantinople — the same Hagia Sophia wherein now the grave and learned doctors cease not to expound the Koran. In those days Arabia expected her own prophet. The Jews in Arabia are said to have watched for his appearance.

Few religions have been founded in plain day like Islam, which now counts its believers by more than a hundred millions, and which enlarges its domain from day to day, unaided. Most clearly and sharply does Mohammed stand out against the horizon of history. Those who knew him, not for hours, or days, or weeks, but from birth to death, almost during his whole life, count not by units, or dozens, but by thousands upon thousands, whose names and whose biographies have been collected; and his witnesses were men in the fulness and ripeness of age and wisdom, some his bitterest enemies. No religious code extant bears so emphatically and clearly the marks and traces of one mind, from beginning to end, as the Koran, though, as to materials and contents, there is, as we have hinted already, a passing strange tale to tell. It will therefore behove us, in order that we may better understand how Mohammed made these materials entirely his own, how he moulded and shaped, and added unto them, to try and realize first the man himself and the vicissitudes that influenced his mind — its workings and its strugglings, its despairs and its triumphs.

This shall be done very briefly. And, though it seems next to impossible to separate the man from his book, we shall yet attempt to separate them. True, the more than twenty years which its composition occupied, are embalmed in it with all their strange changes of fortune, with their terrors and visions, their curses and their prayers, their bulletins and their field-orders. The Koran does indeed illustrate and explain its author's life so well, that hitherto every biographer (and there have been many and great ones) has suggested, in accordance with his own views, a differ-

ent arrangement of that book. In its present shape, a sheer chaos as regards chronological or logical order of chapters and even verses, it will lend itself admirably to all and any arrangement. You may work it, as it were, backwards and forwards. Something is supposed to have happened at a certain time: here is a verse looking like a vague allusion to it: therefore the verse belongs to that period, and confirms the previously doubtful fact. Here is a verse which alludes to some event or other of which nothing is known, and the event is solemnly registered, a fitting date is given to it, and the verse finds its chronological place. But we have nothing to arrange, and, therefore, though it be less easy and less picturesque to consider the author and the book as independently as may be, we do so at Mohammed's express desire as it were, and in bare justice to him. He wishes the Koran to be judged by its own contents. "Hic Rhodus, hic salta," he seems to cry. The Book is his sign, his miracle, his mission. His own story is another matter. And without preconceived opinions — either as panegyrist or as *Advocatus Diaboli* — shall we try to tell it and then be unfettered in our story of the Book. If we make use of the "Sunnah" for our purpose no one will blame us. This Midrash of Mohammedanism, as we should call those traditional records of the Prophet's doings and sayings, both in the legendary and juridical sense of the word, has, albeit in exalted tones and colours often, told us much of his outer and inner life. Used with the same patient care with which all documents are used by the impartial historian, it yields precious information.

We have reason to discard much of what has long been repeated about Mohammed's early life. All we know, or think we know now for certain, is that he lost his father before his birth, and his mother when he was six years of age. His grandfather, who had adopted him, died two years later, and his poor uncle Abu Talib then took charge of him. Though belonging to a good enough family, the Kureish, though sickly, subject to epilepsy, Mohammed had early to work for his living. He tended the flocks — even as Moses, David, and all prophets had done, he used to say. "Pick me out the blackest of these berries," he cried once at Medina, when, prophet and king, he saw some people pass with berries of the wild shrub Arak. "Pick me out the blackest, for they are sweet — even such as I went to gather when I tended the flocks of Mecca at Aiyâd." But by the Meccans tending of flocks was considered a very low occu-

against grammar and context by "*Desideratus — omnium gentium*," we may be sure that the Synagogue did look upon this passage as Messianic, though there be no very direct evidence extant.

pation indeed. In his twenty-fourth year, a rich widow of Mecca, Chadja, about thirty-eight years of age, and twice before married, engaged his services. He accompanied her caravans on several journeys, probably as a camel-driver. Of a sudden she offered him her hand, and obtained the consent of her father by intoxicating him. She bore Mohammed two sons, one of whom he called after a popular idol, and four daughters. Both boys died early.

This is the whole story of Mohammed's outer life previous to the assumption of his mission. The ever repeated tale of his having accidentally been chosen, in his thirty-fifth year, as arbiter in a quarrel about the replacing of the Black Stone in the Kaaba, is at least very questionable, as are his repeated travels to Syria with his uncles, to which we shall return anon a certain monk who appears in many aliases, and who proves to be more or less a myth.

Mohammed's personal appearance, a matter of some import, chiefly in a prophet, is almost feature by feature thus portrayed by the best authenticated traditions:—

He was of middle height, rather thin, but broad of shoulders, wide of chest, strong of bone and muscle. His head was massive, strongly developed. Dark hair—slightly curled—flowed in a dense mass down almost to his shoulders. Even in advanced age it was sprinkled only by twenty grey hairs—produced by the agonies of his "Revelations." His face was oval-shaped, slightly tawny of colour. Fine, long, arched eyebrows were divided by a vein which throbbled visibly in moments of passion. Great, black, restless eyes shone out from under heavy eyelashes. His nose was large, slightly aquiline. His teeth, upon which he bestowed great care, were well set, dazzling white. A full beard framed his manly face. His skin was clear and soft, his complexion "red and white," his hands were as "silk and satin"—even as those of a woman. His step was quick and elastic, yet firm, and as that of one "who steps from a high to a low place." In turning his face, he would also turn his full body. His whole gait and presence were dignified and imposing. His countenance was mild and pensive. His laugh was rarely more than a smile. "Oh, my little son!" reads one tradition, "hadst thou seen him, thou wouldest have said thou hadst seen a sun rising." "I," says another witness, "saw him in a moonlight night, and sometimes I looked at his beauty, and sometimes I looked at the moon; and his dress was striped with red, and he was

brighter and more beautiful to me than the moon."

In his habits he was extremely simple, though he bestowed great care on his person. His eating and drinking, his dress and his furniture, retained, even when he had reached the fullness of power, their almost primitive nature. He made a point of giving away all "superfluities." The only luxury he indulged in were, besides arms, which he highly prized, certain yellow boots, a present from the Negus of Abyssinia. Perfumes, however, he loved passionately, being most sensitive of smell. Strong drinks he abhorred.

His constitution was extremely delicate. He was nervously afraid of bodily pain, he would sob and roar under it. Eminently unpractical in all common things of life, he was gifted with mighty powers of imagination, elevation of mind, delicacy and refinement of feeling. "He is more modest than a virgin behind her curtain," it was said of him. He was most indulgent to his inferiors, and would never allow his awkward little page to be scolded, whatever he did. Ten years, said Anas, his servant, was I about the prophet, and he never said as much as "Uff" to me. He was very affectionate towards his family. One of his boys died on his breast, in the smoky house of the nurse, a blacksmith's wife. He was very fond of children. He would stop them in the streets, and pat their little cheeks. He never struck any one in his life. The worst expression he ever made use of in conversation was, "What has come to him?—may his forehead be darkened with mud!" When asked to curse some one, he replied, I have not been sent to curse, but to be a mercy to mankind. "He visited the sick, followed any bier he met, accepted the invitation of a slave to dinner, mended his own clothes, milked his goats, and waited upon himself," relates, summarily, another tradition. He never first withdrew his hand out of another man's palm, and turned not before the other had turned. His hand, we read elsewhere—and traditions like these give a good index of what the Arabs expected their prophet to be—was the most generous, his breast the most courageous, his tongue the most truthful; he was the most faithful protector of those he protected, the sweetest and most agreeable in conversation; those who saw him were suddenly filled with reverence, those who came near him loved him, they who described him would say, "I have never seen his like, either before or after." He was of great taciturnity, and when he spoke



he spoke with emphasis and deliberation, and no one could ever forget what he said. He was, however, very nervous and restless withal, often low-spirited, downcast as to heart and eyes. Yet he would at times suddenly break through these broodings, become gay, talkative, jocular, chiefly among his own. He would then delight in telling amusing little stories, fairy-tales, and the like. He would romp with the children, and play with their toys — as, after his first wife's death, he was wont to play with the dolls his new baby-wife had brought into his house.

The common cares of life had been taken from him by the motherly hand of Chadija: but heavier cares seemed now to darken his soul, to weigh down his whole being. As time wore on, the gloom and misery of his heart became more and more terrible. He neglected his household matters, and fled all men. "Solitude became a passion to him," the tradition records. He had now passed the meridian of his life. No one seemed to heed the brooder, no one stretched out the hand of sympathy to him. He had nothing in common with the rest, and he was left to himself.

Much chronological discussion has arisen as to the date of the event of which we are going to speak. So much, however, seems certain, that Mohammed was at least forty years of age when he went, according to the custom of some of his countrymen, to spend the Rajab, the month of universal armistice among the ancient Arabs, on Mount Hirā, an hour's walk from Mecca. This mountain, now called Mount of Light, consists of a huge, barren rock, torn by cleft and hollow ravine, standing out solitary in the full, white glare of the desert sun, shadowless, flowerless, without well or rill. On this rock, in a small, dark cave, Mohammed lived, alone, and spent his days and his nights, according to unanimous tradition, in "*Tahannoth*."

The weary guesses that have been made from the days of these very traditions to our own, as to the meaning and derivation of this word, cannot be told. It has been put on the rack by lexicographers, grammarians, commentators, translators, investigators, of all hues and ages, and, we are sorry to add, with no satisfactory result. To the general meaning the context gave some cue, but the etymology of the word, and its technical signification, have remained a mystery, notwithstanding many various readings of its single letters suggested by sheer despair. One of the latest, and greatest, investigators, Sprenger, numbers it among the most "indigestible morsels" among the many

strange and obsolete words that occur in connection with Mohammed and the Koran.

We do not intend to do more than throw out suggestions — though very carefully weighed — for we must, to our regret, leave all our philological scaffoldings behind. Regarding this most mysterious word, we have a notion that it might be explained, like scores of other tough morsels in the Koran, by the Jewish, Hebrew, or Aramaic parlance of the period, as it is preserved most fortunately in the Talmud, the Targum, the Midrash. The word *Tahannoth* need not be emended into *Tahannof*, nor any other weird form, to agree with its traditional meaning, because we think that it is only the Hebrew word *Tehinnoth*, which occurs bodily in the Bible, and means "Prayers, Supplications." The change of vowels is exactly the same as that from the Hebrew *Gehinnom* (New Test. *Gehenna*) to the Koranic *Jahannam*. Among the Jews the word became technical for a certain class of devotional prayers, customary, together with fastings, throughout the month preceding the New Year's Day. It is known more generally as a term for private devotions throughout the year, chiefly for pious women. — This, however, only by the way.

To devotions and asceticism, then, Mohammed gave himself up in his wild solitude. And after a time there came to him dreams "resplendent like the rosy dawn." When he left his cave to walk about on his rocky fastness, the wild herbs that grew in the clefts would bend their heads, and the stones scattered in his way would cry, "Salām! Hail, O Prophet of God." And horrified, not daring to look about him, he fled back into his cave. That same cave has now become a station for the Holy Pilgrimage, and on it, that early predecessor of our Burckhardts and Burtons, "Haji Joseph Pitts of Exon," the runaway sailor-boy, delivered himself of the judgment that "he had been in the cave, and observed that it was not at all beautified, at which he admired."

Suddenly, in the middle of the night — the "blessed night Al Kadar," as the Koran has it — "and who will make thee understand what the night Al Kadar is? That night Al Kadar, which is better than a thousand months . . . which bringeth peace and blessings till the rosy dawn" — in the middle of that night, Mohammed woke from his sleep, and he heard a voice. Twice it called, urging, and twice he struggled and waived its call. But he was pressed sore, "as if a fearful weight had been laid upon him." He thought his last hour

had come. And for the third time the voice called:—

"CRY!"

And he said, "What shall I cry?"

Came the answer: "CRY—in the name of thy Lord!"

And these, according to well-nigh unanimous tradition, followed by nearly every ancient and modern authority, are the first words of the Koran. Our readers will find them in the ninety-sixth chapter of that Book, to which they have been banished by the Redactors.

We hasten to add that when we said that the above sentence would be found in the ninety-sixth chapter of the Koran, we were not quite accurate. The word which we have ventured to translate *Cry* they will find rendered in as many different ways as there were translators, investigators, commentators, old and new. They will find *Recite*, *Preach*, *Read*, *Proclaim*, *Call out*, *Read the Scriptures*—namely of the Jews and Christians—and a weary variety of other meanings, which certainly belong to the word, though the greater part of them is obviously of later date, and utterly out of the question in this case.

Our reasons for deviating from these time-honoured versions were of various kinds. In the first place, the Arabic root in question is *identical* with our own, and in this primitive root lie hidden all other significations. "Cry" is one of those very few onomatopoeic words still common to both Semitic and Indo-European. Its significations are indeed manifold; from the vague sound given forth by bird or tree, as in Sanskrit, to our English usage of silent weeping; from the Hebrew "deep crying unto deep," to the technical Aramaic "reading the Scriptures"—in contradistinction to "reading the Mishnah"—from the weird German *Schrei*, to the Greek herald's solemn proclamation—it is always the same fundamental root: biliteral or triliteral.

Secondly, because the principal words of this tradition are startlingly identical—another fact not hitherto noticed, as far as we are aware—with a certain passage in Isaiah: "The Voice said Cry, and I said, What shall I cry?"—a passage in which no one has yet translated the leading verb by *Recite*, *Read*, *Read the Scriptures*, though there was never a doubt as to whether Isaiah knew the Scriptures and could read, while Mohammed distinctly denied being a "scholar."

And, thirdly, because from this root is also derived the word *Koran*. Derived: for it was in the very special Jewish sense of *Mikra*, Scripture, that Mohammed gave

that name to every single fragment of that book, until it became, even as the word *Mishnah*, its collective and general name.

We now resume our recital of that first revelation and its immediate consequences, as tradition has preserved it. It is of moment.

When the voice had ceased to speak, telling him how from minutest beginnings man had been called into existence, and lifted up by understanding and knowledge of the Lord, who is most beneficent, and who *by the pen* had revealed that which men did not know, Mohammed woke from his trance, and felt as if "a book" had been written in his heart. A great trembling came upon him, so that his whole body shook, and the perspiration ran down his body. He hastened home to his wife and said, "Oh, Chadija! what has happened to me!" He lay down and she watched by him. When he recovered from his paroxysm he said, "Oh, Chadija! he, of whom one would not have believed it (meaning himself), has become either a soothsayer (*Kahin*\*) or one possessed (by *Djins*)—mad." She replied, "God is my protection, O Abu-l-Kasim! (a name of Mohammed, derived from one of his boys), He will surely not let such a thing happen unto thee, for thou speakest the truth, dost not return evil for evil, keepest faith, art of a good life, and kind to thy relations and friends. And neither art thou a talker abroad in the bazaars. What has befallen thee? Hast thou seen aught terrible?" Mohammed replied, "Yes." And he told her what he had seen. Whereupon she answered and said, "Rejoice, O dear husband, and be of good cheer. He, in whose hands stands Chadija's life, is my witness that thou wilt be the prophet of this people." Then she arose and went to her cousin Waraka, who was old and blind, and "knew the Scriptures of the Jews and Christians." When she told him what she had heard, he cried out, "*Koddus, Koddus!*—Holy, Holy! Verily this is the *Namus* which came to Moses. He will be the prophet of his people. Tell him this. Bid him be of brave heart."

We must here interpose for a moment. This Waraka has given rise to much and angry discussion—chiefly as to his "conversion." He was long supposed to have been first an idolator, then a Jew, then a Christian. It has been shown, however, by recent investigations, that whatever he

\* The Hebrew "Cohen," priest, in a deteriorated sense like the German "Pfaffe." In the time of Mohammed it meant a low fortune-teller, an ever-ready interpreter of dreams, who had, like Daniel, to find out both the dreams and their solutions.

was at first, he certainly lived and died a Jew. To our mind this one sentence goes a long way towards settling the point. *Kadosh*, — is simply the Arabised Hebrew *Kadosh* (Holy). And while we need not prove that a Christian would scarcely have used this exclamation (any more than he would have spoken of the "Namus"), we are reminded of the story in the Midrash of the man whose heart was sore within him for that he could neither read the Scripture nor the Mishnah. And one day when he stood in the synagogue, and the precentor reached that part of the liturgy in which God's holy name is sanctified, this man lifted up his voice aloud and cried out with all his main: "*Kadosh! Kadosh! Kadosh!*" (Holy! Holy! Holy!). And when they asked him what made him cry out thus, he said, "I have not been deemed worthy to read the Scriptures, or the Mishnah, and now the moment has come when I may sanctify God, shall I not lift up my voice aloud?" "It did not last a year, or two, or three," the legend adds, "but it so fell out that this man became a great and mighty general, and a founder of a colony within the Roman empire."

As to the "*Namus*," it is a hermaphrodite in words. It is Arabic, but also Greek. That it is talmudical need we say it? It is in the first instance νόμος, Law, that which "by old custom and common consent" has become so. In talmudical phraseology it stands for the Torah or Revealed Law. In Arabic it further means one who communicates a secret message. And all these different significations were conveyed by Waraka to Mohammed. The messenger and the message, both Divine, had come together, even as Moses had been instructed in the Law by a special angel — not, as former commentators, to save Waraka's Christianity, used to explain, because to Mohammed, as to Moses, a new Law was given, while Christ came to confirm what had been given before.

Not long after this the two men met in the streets of Mecca. And Waraka said, "I swear by him in whose hand Waraka's life is, God has chosen thee to be the prophet of this people. The greatest *Namus* has come to thee. They will call thee a liar; they will persecute thee, they will banish thee, they will fight against thee. Oh that I could live to those days! I would fight for thee." And he kissed him on the forehead. The Prophet went home, and the words he had heard were a great comfort to him and diminished his anxiety.

After this Mohammed, in awe and trembling, waited for other visions and revela-

tions. But none came; and the old horrible doubts and suspicions crept over his soul. He went up to Mount Hirā again — this time to commit suicide. But, as often as he approached the precipice, lo, he beheld Gabriel at the end of the horizon whithersoever he turned, who said to him, "I am Gabriel, and thou art Mohammed, the Prophet of God." And he stood as entranced, unable to move backwards or forwards, until anxious Chadija sent out men to seek him.

We must interrupt the course of the story for a moment respecting this "Voice," which is called in the Koran, Gabriel, or the Holy Ghost. We have on a previous occasion spoken of the strange metamorphoses of Angels and Demons, as they migrated from India to Babylonia, and from Babylonia to Judaea.\* Their further migration to Mecca did not produce much change, since the process of Semitising them, and making them subservient to Monotheism, had been wrought already by the Talmud. Yet this strange identification of Gabriel with the Holy Ghost, which we find here, is a problem not fully to be solved either by the Talmud, or the Zend Avesta.

The Holy Ghost, an expression of most common occurrence in the Haggadah, is thus summarily explained by the Talmud — as an emphatic answer probably to the popular tendency of taking transcendental terms in a concrete sense. "With ten names," says the Talmud, "is the Holy Ghost named in Scripture. They are — Parable, Allegory, Enigma, Speech, Sentence, Light, Command, Vision, Prophecy." In the Angelic Hierarchy of the Talmud it is Michael (Vohumanō), and not Gabriel, who takes first rank. He stands to the right of the Throne, Gabriel to the left; he represents Grace; Gabriel, stern Justice; and though they are both entrusted with watching over God's people, it is yet Michael who stands forth to fight for them, who brings them good tidings, and who, as heavenly High Priest, "offers up the souls of the righteous upon God's Altar." Yet he is often accompanied by Gabriel, who is, be it observed, particularly active in the life of Abraham. It is he who saves Abraham from the fiery furnace into which Nimrod had cast him; in the message of Isaac's birth he is one of the three "men," and his place is at Michael's right hand. In all other respects, he is the exact counterpart of the Persian Craōsho, and his principal office is that of revenging and

\* See Article "Talmud," p. 456.

punishing evil, while he acts as a merciful genius to the good and elect. Hence, probably, he became in later Persian mythology, as well as in the Talmud, the Divine Messenger. He is thus replete with all knowledge, and — alone of all angels — is versed in all human tongues. Islam has made a few transparently "tendencious" changes. Gabriel here stands to the right hand of the Throne, and Michael to the left, *i.e.* the former becomes the Angel of Mercy, and the latter that of Punishment. Omar, it is said, once went into a Jewish Academy, and asked the Jews about Gabriel's office. He, they mockingly answered, is our enemy; he betrays all our secrets to Mohammed, and he and Michael are always at war with each other — an answer which, taken seriously by Omar, so shocked him that he cried out. "Why, you are more unbelieving than the Himyarites!" But might this strange identification of Gabriel and the Holy Ghost possibly be accounted for by the fact, that the mystic office with regard to the birth of Christ, ascribed to the Holy Ghost by the Church, is ascribed in Islam to Gabriel also, who, as in the New Testament, announces the message to Mary, and that thus the two have become fully identified in the minds of the traditionists?

We have left Mohammed in the terror-stricken state of a mind conscious of its mission, and vainly trying to struggle against it. The grim, lonely darkness within, the horrible dread lest it all be but mockery and self-deception, or, "the Devil's prompting;" the inability of uttering, save in a few wild, rhapsodic sounds, that message which is silently and agonizingly growing into shape — and Death seems the only refuge and salvation — who shall describe it? It was through these phases of a soul struggling between Heaven and Hell that Mohammed went in those days, and the thought of suicide came temptingly near. But, lo! Gabriel on the edge of the horizon crying: I am Gabriel, and thou art Mohammed, God's Messenger. . . . Fear not!

It is not easy to say how long that state of doubt and terror lasted. Tradition, wildly diverging here, is, of course, of little use. Probably he was not quite free from it to the day of his death. But, by degrees, and as he no longer had to carry that dread burden in his lonely heart, he gathered strength. His confidence in himself and in his mission rose. No Demoniac, no contemptible soothsayer, no possessed madman he — the voice within urged. And at times, a blissful exultation took the

place of the former horror. His heart throbs with grateful joy. "By the midday splendour, and by the stillly night," he cries, "the Lord does not reject him, and will not forsake him, and the future shall be better than the past. Has he not found him an orphan and given him a home, found him astray and guided him into the straight path, found him so poor and made him so rich?" "Wherefore," he adds, "do not thou oppress the orphan, neither repel thou him who asketh of thee — but declare aloud the bounties of thy Lord!" . . . .

And the revelations now came one after the other without intermission during a space of more than twenty years — revelations, the central sun of which was the doctrine of God's Unity, Monotheism, of which he, Mohammed, was the bearer to his own people.

Yet these Revelations did not come in visions bright, transcendent, exalted. They came ghastly, weird, most horrible. After long, solitary broodings, a something used to move Mohammed all of a sudden, with frightful vehemence. He "roared like a camel," his eyes rolled and glowed like red coals, and on the coldest day terrible perspirations would break out all over his body. When the terror ceased, it seemed to him as if he had heard bells ringing, "the sound whereof seemed to rend him to pieces" — as if he had heard the voice of a man — as if he had seen Gabriel — or as if words *had been written in his heart*. Such was the agony he endured, that some of the verses revealed to him well-nigh made his hair turn white.

Mohammed was epileptic; and vast ingenuity and medical knowledge have been lavished upon this point, as explanatory of Mohammed's mission and success. We, for our own part, do not think that epilepsy ever made a man appear a prophet to himself, or even to the people of the East; or, for the matter of that, inspired him with the like heart-moving words and glorious pictures. Quite the contrary. It was taken as a sign of demons within — demons, "Devs," devils, to whom all manner of diseases were ascribed throughout the antique world, in Phœnicia, in Greece, in Rome, in Persia, and among the lower classes of Judæa after the Babylonian Exile. The Talmud, which denies a concrete Satan, or rather resolves him rationally into "passion," "remorse," and "death," — stages corresponding to his being "Seducer," "Accuser," and "Angel of Death" — speaks of these demons as hobgoblins, or special diseases, and inveighs in terms of

contempt against the "exorcisms" in vogue\* in Judæa about the period of the birth of Christianity. Those "possessed" loved solitary places, chiefly cemeteries; they tore their garments, and were altogether beyond the pale. On the special nature of the possessing demons, the "Shedim" of the Talmud, the "Devils" of the New Testament, the Jin, or Genii, of the Koran, as different from and yet alike to the Devas, and as forming the intermediate beings between men and angels, as in Plato (*Sympos.*), we may yet have to speak. That they were all "pure, holy, everlasting angels from the beginning," and only came to be degraded (as were the Devas by "Zoroastrianism," and the gods of Hellas and Rome by Christianity) into wicked angels in the course of religious reformation or change, — is unquestionable, even if the Book of Enoch did not state it expressly. They are "fallen Angels" — fallen through pride, envy, lust. The two angels Shanchazai (Asai) and Azael (Uziel) of the Targum, the Midrash, and the Koran (Mārut and Hārut), are thrown from heaven because of their desiring the daughters of man, even as Sammael himself loses his most high estate, because he seduces Adam and Eve. True, there is a peculiar something supposed to inhere in epilepsy. The Greeks called it a sacred disease. Bacchantic and chorybantic furor were God-inspired stages. The Pythia uttered her oracles under the most distressing signs. Symptoms of convulsion were even needed as a sign of the divine mania or inspiration. But Mohammed did not utter any of his sayings while the paroxysm lasted. Clearly, distinctly, most consciously, did he dictate to his scribe what had come to him — for he could not write, according to his own account. But it may well be, and it speaks for Mohammed's thorough honesty, that he believed himself, in the very first stages, to have been "inspired" during his fits by Jin. According to Zoroastro-talmudical notions, which had penetrated into Arabia, these Jin listened "behind the curtain" of Heaven, and learnt the things of the future. These they were then believed to communi-

cate to the soothsayers and diviners. But it was dangerous eaves-dropping enough. When the heavenly watchers perceived these curious goblins, they hurled arrows of fire at them: in which men saw falling stars. Mohammed soon, however, rejected this notion of "demoniac" inspiration; while from the Byzantines to Luther, and from Luther to Muir, it was the devil, who prompted the prophet. Muir has indeed instituted several minute comparisons between Satan tempting Christ and Mohammed. Whereat Sprenger somewhat irreverently observes, that since there be a Devil, he must needs have something to do.

Tempted as we feel, before we proceed to describe the mental and religious atmosphere around Mohammed when he came to proclaim "the faith of Abraham," that first bearer of the emphatically Semitic mission, to enlarge upon that great question of the day, the mission of the Semitic races in general, we must confine ourselves to one or two points touching their religious development. A brilliant French *savant* has of late, in somewhat rash generalization, asserted that Monotheism is a Semitic instinct. On which another, one of the most profound scholars — since, alas! dead — observed that the assertion was perfectly correct, if you exclude all the Semitic races save the Jews: and these, it might be added, at a very late period indeed, notwithstanding all the teaching of Moses and the Prophets, not after a thousand judgments had come upon them, all the horrors of internecine war, misery, captivity, and exile. The Phœnicians were idolators, the Assyrians were idolators, the Babylonians were idolators, and the Arabs were idolators. And yet perhaps the truth lies, as usual, in the middle. If, according to Schelling, who goes much further, a vague Monotheism is the basis of all religions, there certainly does seem to be an abstract idea of absolute power of rule and dominion hidden in the universal Semitic name of the All-Powerful Supreme God, to whom all the other natural Powers, in their personified mythic guises, are subject, and in whom they, as it were, are absorbed. Baal, El, Elohim, Allah, Elion, denote not merely the Light, the bright Heaven, as Zeus, Jupiter (subject in his turn to Fate, or that "which had once been spoken"), but Might, Almightiness — absolute, despotic, that created and destroyed, did and undid according to its own tremendous Will alone, and by the side of which nothing else existed: while Jehovah-Jahve seems to point to the other stage and side of absolute Existence, the Being from all

\* True, Simon ben Yochai, the fabulous author of the Zohar, to whose rather badly-kept shrine at Merom, a few hours from Tiberias (where also Shammai and Hillel are believed to be buried), the Faithful of Palestine, and even of Persia and India, make their annual pilgrimage to this day, did once, and apparently with the approval of the Authorities, drive out a devil from the Emperor's daughter at Rome. But then this devil had good-naturedly offered his services himself, and the object of Simon's embassy, the rescinding of an oppressive decree, was considered so praiseworthy in the main that these authorities rather shut their eyes to the performance.



times and for all times, the *Ens*, the First Cause. And what is especially characteristic of the Shemites is this, that while, as Jewish and Arabic tradition has it, the sons of Japhet (Indo-Germans,) are kings, and those of Ham slaves, the sons of Shem are prophets. A thousand times lulled into sweet dreams of beauty, they are aroused a thousand times by the wild cry of the Prophet in their midst, who points heavenwards, "Behold who has created all these!" But what is a Prophet?—In the Hebrew term, *Nabi*, which Islam adopted, there does not indeed appear to inhere that foretelling faculty, with which from the time of the Septuagint we are wont to connect it. For it is the Septuagint which first translates it by *προφήτης*, foreteller; while others render it by "Inspired," or simply "Orator." The manifold equivalents used in the Bible, such as watchman, seer, shepherd, messenger, one and all denote emphatically the office of watching over the events, and of lifting up the voice of warning, of reproving, of encouraging, before all the people at the proper hour. Hence the Haggadah has been called "the prophethood of the Exile," though no Haggadist was ever considered "inspired." The Prophet was above all things considered as the popular preacher and teacher, gifted with religious enthusiasm, with an intense love of his people, and with divine power of speech:—whence alone the possibility of prophetic schools. And most strikingly says the Midrash of Abraham that he was a prophet, a *Nabi*, but not an "Astrologer," one whose calling it is not to forecast, but one who lifts men's minds heavenwards. In this sense—all transcendentalism apart—Mohammed might well be called a prophet even by Jews and Christians.

We can but guess at the state of Arab belief and worship before Mohammed? For though the Arabs enter the world's stage as long after the first joyous revelation of humanity in Hellenism, as the Assyrians and Babylonians, not to speak of the Phœnicians, had entered it before, they have left us but little record of their doings in the period of "Ignorance,—as with proud humility they called the time before Islam. From what broken light is shed by a few forlorn rays, we may conclude this, that they worshipped—to use that vague word—the Hosts of Heaven, and that with this worship there was combined a partial belief in resurrection among some clans. Others, however, seem to have ascribed everything to "Nature," and to have denied a guiding creator. We further find

traces of an adoration of fetishes: bodily representatives of certain influences to be avoided, feared, and conciliated, or to be loved, and gratefully acknowledged. The Sun and the Moon, Jupiter and Venus, Canopus and Sirius and Mercury, had their stony mementos, their temples, their priests, and, be it well understood, the power of protecting those who fled to their altars. Herodotus speaks of the Arabs as worshipping only Dionysos) whom Strabo changes into Jupiter) and Urania, whom they call Orotal (probably Nur-Allah=God's light) and Alilat—a feminine form of Allah, the Phœnician Queen of Heaven, Tanith-Astarte. Of a worship of heroes in the form of statues there are vague traces, but so vague and so mythical that they cannot be counted historical material. Trees and stones are further mentioned as objects of primitive Arab worship, and on this point Maimonides has given, as is his wont, clear and transparent explanations, into which we cannot, however, enter. Among the latter the famous Black Stone of the Kaaba, that primeval temple ascribed to Abraham, stands foremost, next we know of a White Stone (Al Lat), at Taif, still seen by Hamilton, and one or two more immovable tokens of some great event, such as the Shemites were wont to erect,—Jacob, among others, at Bethel (the general Phœnician term for these stone erections)—mementos which the Pentateuch emphatically protests against: "For I am Jehovah, your God." Vaguer still are the records of the Oracle-Trees, one of which stood near Mecca, while the other, dedicated to Uzza, the mighty Goddess, the Queen of Heaven, seems to have spread all over the land, with its due complement of priests and sooth-sayers, male and female. That there were the usual accompaniment of Lares and Penates, more or less coarse and bodily, such as always have been necessary for the herd, need not be added. Thus, it is recorded of one tribe that they worshipped a piece of dough, which, compelled by hunger, they cheerfully ate up. Some, we said, did not believe in the resurrection. Some did; and, therefore, they tied a camel to a man's sepulchre, without providing it with any food. If it ran away, that man was everlastingly damned—and, be it observed here, that the Jews alone among the Shemites protested against everlasting damnation—if not, its blackened bones would, on the Day of Judgment, form a handy and honourable conveyance to the abode of his bliss. The Phantoms of the Desert, the Fata Morgana, Angels and Demons, and the rest of embodied ideas or ideals, formed other objects

of pious consideration, but only as intermediators with the great Allah. Long before Mohammed, the people were wont, in their distress, to pray at their pilgrimages to him alone, in this wise: "At thy service, O Allah! There is no Being like unto Thee, and if there be one, it is Thou and not it that reigneth;" and when asked what was the office of their idols, they would answer that they were intermediators — much as Roman Catholics in the lower strata revere Saints and their emblems. Let it not be forgotten also that the perpetuation of this pre-Islamic idolatry, if so we call it, was due to a great extent to political reasons. The manifold Sanctuaries and their incomes belonged to certain noble families and clans.

So much for the Heathenism. We have now to consider the two other popularly assumed agents in that religious phase to which Mohammed has given its name, and which has changed the face of the world: Christianity and Judaism.

It has long been the fashion to ascribe whatever was "good" in Mohammedanism to Christianity. We fear this theory is not compatible with the results of honest investigation. For of Arabian Christianity, at the time of Mohammed, the less said perhaps the better. By the side of it, as seen in the Koran — and this book alone shows it to us authentically as Mohammed saw it — even modern Amharic Christianity, of which we possess such astounding accounts, appears pure and exalted. And as, moreover, the monk Bahira-Sergius-Georgius-Nestor, who is said to have instructed Mohammed, is a very intangible personage indeed, if he be not, as there is reason to believe, actually a Jew; and as the several Syrian travels during which Mohammed is supposed to have been further inured into Christianity, have to be taken *cum grano*, nothing remains but his contact with a few freed Greek and Abyssinian slaves, who, having lived all their life among Arabians, could hardly boast of a very profound knowledge of the tenets and history of Christianity. We shall, therefore, not be surprised to see the Koran polemising against some such extraordinary notions as that of Mary-Maryam, "the daughter of Imran, the sister of Harun," being not only the mother of God, but forming a person in the Trinity: or, on the other hand, to meet with the extraordinary legends from the apocryphal Gospel of the Infancy, and from the "Assumption" of Mary, ascribed to John the Apostle himself. Or, again, to see it adopt the heretical view of certain early Christian sects that it was not Christ, but Judas, who was executed, and that Christ had to allow

the "hallucination" as a punishment for having suffered people to call him God. But that fundamental tenet of Christianity, viz. the Sonship, Mohammed fought against with unswerving consistency; and never grew tired of repeating, in the most emphatic terms which he, the master of speech, could find, his abhorrence against that notion, at which "the Heavens might tear open, and the earth cleave asunder." There is a brief chapter in the Koran, the "Confession of God's Unity," which is considered tantamount to the third part of the whole Koran, though it only consists of these words — "Say, God is One: the Everlasting God. *He begetteth not, and He is not begotten*, and there is none like unto Him." Still more distinctly is this notion expressed in another place: — "The Christians say 'Christ is the Son of God. May God resist them. . . . how are they infatuated!' And, again: — 'They are certainly infidels who say God is One of Three.' . . . 'Believe in God and His Apostle, but speak not of a Trinity. There is but One God. Far be it from Him that he should have a son.' 'Christ the son of Mary is no more than an Apostle.' . . . 'It is not fit for Allah that He should have a son. Praise to him!' (i.e. far be it from Him!)"

Jesus, according to Mohammed, is only one of the six Apostles, who are specially chosen out of three hundred and thirteen, to proclaim new dispensations, in confirmation of previous ones. These are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed. — But this point must come under further consideration under the tenets of Islam.

We now turn to Judaism, which, as we have hinted before, forms the kernel of Mohammedanism, both general and special. Here merely the preliminary observation, that when we spoke of the Talmud as a source of Islam, we did not imply that Mohammed knew it, or, for the matter of that, had ever heard its very name; but it seems as if he had breathed from his childhood almost the air of contemporary Judaism, such Judaism as is found by us crystallized in the Talmud, the Targum, the Midrash.

Indeed, the geographical and ethnographical notices of Arabia in Scripture are to so astounding a degree in accordance with the very latest researches, that we cannot but assume the connexion between Palestine and Arabia to have been close from the earliest periods. The Ishmaelites of the Arabian midland are, in the earliest documents, carefully distinguished from the Yoctanites and Kushites of Mahrah in the south: not to speak of the minute informa-

tion revealed by the later documents. At what time Jews first went to Arabia is a problem which we shall not endeavour to settle. Of Abraham and Ishmael, and the halo of legends that surrounds these national heroes, hereafter. But even rejecting, as we must do, the hallucinations of two most eminent scholars regarding the immigration of an entire Simeonitic regiment in the time of Saul, who having fought a battle near Mecca — hence called Makkah Rabbah (Great Defeat) — settled as Gorchoms or Gerim (Strangers), and so forth — we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that Jews, "worshippers of the invisible God of Abraham," existed, though in small numbers, in Arabia, at a very primitive period indeed. Bokht-Nasar, as Nebuchadnezzar is called in early Arabic documents, caused many others to seek refuge in Arabia. The Hasmonians forced a whole tribe of Northern Arabia to adopt Judaism; a Jewish king of Arabs fights against Pompey. The Talmud shows a rather unexpected familiarity with Arabic manners and customs, and — to indicate one curious point — the prophet Elijah who appears there as a kind of immortal tutelary genius — goes about in the guise of an Arab (the Khidhr of Mohammedan legend). The Angels that appear to Abraham "look like Arabs" — not to speak of Job and his three friends, the Queen of Sheba, and other like Arab reminiscences. Centuries before Mohammed, Kheibar, five days from Medina, and Yemen, in South Arabia, were in the hands of the Jews. Dhu Nowas, the last Jewish king of Yemen, falls by the hands of the Abyssinian Negus. The question for us remains, what phase of faith these Jews represented.

It has been supposed that, though combined among themselves for purposes of war, they held little intercommunication with their brethren either in Palestine or even in Arabia, and, therefore, were ignorant of the development of "the Law" that went rolling on in Judæa and Babylonia. The chief proof for this was found in the absence of Judeo-Arabic literature before Mohammed. To us, this circumstance affords absolutely no proof. None, at least, that would not perhaps rather confirm our view to the exact contrary. We know how literatures may be and have been stamped out; or had the Phenicians, the Chaldeans, the Etruscans, never any literature? We happen to know the contrary, though nothing, not to say worse than nothing, because more or less corrupt reminiscences, has remained of it all. And, further, we have distinct proof in the very Koran that not only did they keep *au courant* with regard

to Haggadah — witness all the legends of Islam — but even Halachah. Mohammed literally quotes a passage from the Mishnah,\* and, further, gives special injunctions taken from the Gemara, such as the purification with sand in default of water, the shortening of the prayer in the moment of danger, &c.† There is an academy, or Bethhamidrash, at Medina; and Akiba, when on his revolutionary mission, is consulted by the Arab Jews about one of the most minute and intricate points of the Oral Law.

In truth, these Jews stood not merely on the heights of contemporary culture, but far above their Arab brethren. They represented, in fact, the Culture of Arabia. They could all read and write, whilst the Arabs had occasionally to capture some foreign scholars and promise them their liberty on condition that they should teach their boys the elements of reading and writing. The Jews — nay, the Jewesses, as Mohammed had to learn to his grief — were specially gifted with the poetic vein, as we shall see further on; and poetry in Arabia was at the time of Mohammed the one great accomplishment. There was a certain fair held annually, where, as at the Olympic Games, the productions of the last twelve months were read and received prizes. The beautiful tale of the hanging up of the prize poems in the Kaaba, whence they were called Moallakat, is unfortunately a myth, since Moallakat does not betoken suspended ones, but (pearls) loosely strung together. But, undoubtedly, to have made the best poem of the season was a great distinction, not merely for the individual poet, but for his entire clan.

These Jewish tribes, some of whom derived their genealogy from priestly families (Al-Kahinani), lived scattered all over Arabia, but chiefly in the south, in Yemen (Himyar), "the dust of which was like unto gold, and where men never died." They lived, as did the other Arabs, either the life of roving Bedouins, or cultivated the land, or inhabited cities, such as Yathrib, the later Medina or City, by way of eminence — of the Prophet, to wit. Outwardly they had completely merged in the great Arabic family. Conversions of entire clans to Judaism, intermarriages, and

\* Notably the judge's admonition to the witnesses, that he who wantonly destroys one single human life will be considered as guilty as if he had destroyed a whole world. — See "Talmud," p. 446.

† "Thy will be done in Heaven; grant peace to them that fear Thee on Earth; and whatever pleaseth Thee, do. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who hearest Prayer" — is the formula suggested by the Talmud for the hours of mental distraction or peril.

the immense family-likeness, so to speak, of the two descendants of Abraham — for the derivation of the Arabs from Ishmael, whatever may be alleged to the contrary, seems unquestionably an ante-Mohammedan notion — facilitated the levelling work of Jewish cosmopolitanism. Acquainted, as we said, with both Halachah and Haggadah, they seemed, under the peculiar story-loving influence of their countrymen, to have cultivated more particularly the latter with all its gorgeous hues and colours. Valiant with the sword, which they not rarely turned against their own kinsmen, they never omitted the fulfilment of their greatest religious duty — the release of their captives, though these might be their adversaries; and further, like their fathers, from of old, they kept the Sabbath holy even in war, though the prohibition had been repealed. They waited for the Messiah, and they turned their faces towards Jerusalem.\* They fasted, they prayed, and they scattered around them the seeds of such high culture as was contained in their literature. And Arabia called them the People of the "Book;" even as Hegel has called them the People of the "Geist." These seeds, though some fell on stones, and some on the desert sand, had borne fruit a thousandfold. Of generally practical, nay vital, institutions which they had introduced, long before Mohammed, into the land of their adoption, may be mentioned the Calendar; and the intercalary month was by the Arabs called, in grateful acknowledgment, *Nassi* (Prince), the title of the Babylonian head of the Jewish Diaspora. The Kaaba and the Pilgrimage, Yoctan and Ishmael, Zemzem and Hagar, received their colouring from Jewish Arabs. They were altogether looked up to with much reverence, and their superiority would also politically have stood them in very good stead, when Mohammed subsequently turned against them, had they known what united action meant.

When we said that there were distinguished poets among them, we meant poets not Jewish, but purely Arabic. Their poems are all of intensely national Arabic type. Among others we have fragments by

Assamael (Samuel), "the faithful," a great chief, who dwelt in a strong castle, and who, rather than betray his friend's confidence, saw his boy cut in twain before his eyes. What has survived of his songs breathes noble pride and loftiness of soul, tempered at times by a strange sadness: joy of life and love of conviviality; as indeed one of his poems opens with the mournful question whether the women would lament him after his death, and how? Both his son Garid, and his grandson Suba were poets; so were Arrabi, whose sons fought against Mohammed; and Aus, by whom we have a kind of characteristic, yet mild, protest against his wife's change of creed. "We live," he sings, "according to the Law (Thora) and Faith of Moses, but Mohammed's Faith is also good. Each of us thinks himself in the right path." Then there is Suraih, who "would drink from the cup of those that are of noble heart, even if there be two-fold poison therein;" and about four or five more, who sing of love and wine, the sword and faithfulness, hospitality and the horse. There were also Jewish poetesses, whose poems, as we already mentioned, were "bitterer to Mohammed than arrows," and who did not escape his vengeance.

We had to tarry somewhat on this out-of-the-way field of the circumstances and position of Arabian Jews — not a little of which would, but for Islam, never have been known. Of their tenets and ceremonies, their legends and dogmas, as transferred to Islam, we have to treat separately. And such was Arabia as to difference of creeds when Mohammed arose. We left him at the moment when he began to become aware of his "Mission." But he was not without special predecessors. These were the *Hanifs*, literally — in talmudical parlance — "hypocrites." "Four shall not see God," says the Talmud, "the scoffers, the *Hanifs* ('who are to be exposed at all hazards,' while generally it is considered better "to be thrown into a fiery furnace than bring any one to public shame" \*), the liars, the slanderers." These Hanifs form a very curious and most important phase of Arabian faith before Mohammed — a phase of Jewish Christianity or Christian Judaism. They loved to style themselves also "Abrahamitic Sabians," and Mohammed — at the outset, called himself one of them. They were, to all intents and purposes, "heretics." They believed in One God. They had the Law and the Gospel, and further, certain "Rolls of Abraham and

\* The synagogues were generally built in the form of a theatre, the portal due west, so that the worshipper's face was turned to the east, even to the Holy of Holies of the Temple of Jerusalem, in pious allusion to the words (1 Kings viii. 29), "That their eyes may be open towards this house night and day . . . that thou mayest hearken to the prayers which thy servant shall make towards this place." Daniel prayed towards Jerusalem, and "the tower of David, builded for an armoury" of the Song of Songs, is taken allegorically as an allusion to that enduring and mighty Holiness that ever belonged to the spot, once hallowed by the presence of the Shechinah. And the early Church followed also in this respect.

\* See "Talmud," p. 462.

Moses," called *Ashmaat*, to which Mohammed at first appeals. This word *Ashmaat*, or *Shamaata*, has likewise given rise to most hazardous conjectures. To us it appears very simply the talmudical *Shemaata*, which is identical with Halachah or legal tradition. In Arabia it seems to have assumed the signification of Midrash in general, chiefly as regards its haggadic or legendary part.\* These mysterious Rolls, about which endless discussions have arisen, thus seem, to our mind, to have been neither more nor less than certain collections of Midrash, beginning, as is its wont, with stern Halachah, ending, as is still more its wont, with gorgeous dreams of fancy, woven round the sainted heads of the Patriarchs, with transcendental allegories, — "tales of angels, fairy legends, festal songs, and words of wisdom." Nor does it much matter what were the original names of these rolls or collections in question (there must have been scores upon scores of them), since there is, as far as we can gather their probable contents, but little in them which has not survived, in one form or the other, in our extant Midrash-books.

There were some very prominent men among this sect, if sect it may be called. Foremost among them stands one Omayya, a highly-gifted and most versatile poet, who never would acknowledge Mohammed, and ceased not to write satires upon him; more especially as it had been his intention to proclaim himself prophet. Besides him there are recorded four special men (all relations of the Prophet, Waraka among them), who, disgusted with the Fetishism into which their countrymen had sunk, once met at the Kaaba, during the annual feast, and thus expressed their secret opinion to each other. "Shall we encompass a stone which neither heareth nor seeth, neither helpeth nor hurteth? Let us seek a better faith," they said. And they went abroad to seek and to find the Hanifite creed — the "religion of Abraham."

This religion of Abraham, Mohammed came to re-establish, Mohammed the Hanifite, who succeeded, where the others failed. He used the arguments, the doctrine, occasionally the very words of these his predecessors, — though we have here to be doubly on our guard against the possible colouring of later Mohammedan tradition — chiefly of Zaid, who refrained from eating blood and that which had been killed for idolatry — two things pointing emphatically

to Jewish teaching.\* Zaid, it is reported, also abhorred the barbarous burying alive of children, then customary among the Arabian savages, and "worshipped the God of Abraham." Also, did he say "O Lord, if I knew what form of worship Thou desirest, I would adopt it. But I know it not." And when his nephew, after his death, asked the Prophet to pray for him, Mohammed said, "Verily I will; he will form a Church of his own on the Day of Judgment." Nay, more, Zaid had actually taught at Mecca, and Mohammed openly declared himself his pupil.

We shall return to this "Religion of Abraham," which is the clue to Islam — and the mystery of which the Midrash alone solves satisfactorily. At this stage it behoves us to follow out the vicissitudes of Mohammed's career as briefly as we may: for without these we could never fully comprehend that religion, whereof he is the corner-stone and the pinnacle.

And first, as to his early miracles, which nearly proved his ruin. The Jews required a sign, says the New Testament. The desire to see the Prophet, the chosen and gifted person, perform things apparently contrary to what is called nature — sights and sounds to wonder at, things by which to prove his intimate communication with, and the command over, the more or less personified powers of the Cosmos, of which ancient and mediæval times had so vague a notion — is very easily understood; and both the Old and New Testament are replete with extraordinary manifestations. The Talmud, while representing, to a certain extent, what is called, the "advanced" opinion of the time, certainly contains views somewhat different from the popular one. "Esther's Miracle," it says, "was the last — the end of all miracles." And she is called, in allusion to the well-known Psalm-heading, "Hind of the Dawn," — "because with her it first became Light." And since there is nothing in the whole story of Esther which resembles in the faintest degree a "supernatural" act; and since, moreover, the name of God does not even appear in the book from beginning to end, this talmudic parlance of "miracles" is very like the modern use of the word "prophet," of which it was remarked the other day that "many living writers, having first stripped the word of its ancient meaning, bestow it freely upon anybody." Furthermore the Mishnah had distinctly declared that miracles were "created" from the very

\* We have noticed the same process with regard to the word Midrash itself in Palestine and Babylonia. See "Talmud," p. 427.

\* Foremost among the seven fundamental "Laws of the Sons of Noah."



beginning, in the gloaming of the sixth day. "God," says the Talmud, still more explicitly "made it a condition upon the sea, when He created it, to open itself before the Israelites; the fire to leave the three martyrs unscathed; the heavens to open to the voice of Hezekiah," &c.\* No less clearly is the meaning of the Masters further expressed in such sentences as these: "The healing of a sick person often is a greater miracle than that which happened to the men in the pit. Those that have been saved from flagrant sin may consider that a miracle has happened to them. Do not reckon upon a miracle — they do not happen every day. Those to whom a miracle happens often know it not themselves," &c., &c. But the old craving for wonders was either still strong among them, or they wished to vex Mohammed's soul — as they did in a thousand bitter little ways — when they found themselves disappointed in him, and so incited people to ask him for some miraculous performance. He is asked, he complains, to cause wells and rivers to gush forth, to bring down the heaven in pieces, to remove mountains, to have a house of gold, to ascend to heaven by a ladder, to cause the dead to speak, and to make Allah and his Angels testify to him — and he indignantly bursts out, "My Lord be praised! Am I more than a man sent as an apostle? . . . Angels do not commonly walk the earth, or God would have despatched an angel to preach His truth to you;" and, he says, when they do see a sign — even the moon splitting — these unbelievers but turn aside, saying: "This is a well-devised trick, a sleight of hand."

How well he had entered into the meaning of those Talmudical notions on miracles — "Esther's being the last" — and how positively he spoke upon that point, though in vain, is best shown by his protest that "the miracles of all prophets were confined to their own times. My miracle is the *Koran* which shall remain forever; and I am hopeful of having more followers than any of the other prophets." "Former prophets," he also used to say (and this is one of the most momentous dicta) "were sent to their own sects. I was sent to all. I have been sent for one thing only: to make straight the crooked paths, to *unite the strayed tribes*, and to teach that 'There is no God but God by whom the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf shall be opened, and the hearts of those who know nothing,'" And over and over again he

points to those much greater signs "in Heaven and on Earth" than any wondrous manifestation that had ever been wrought by prophets — the sun, and the moon, and the stars, the day and the night, the structure of men's bodies, the mountains which steady the earth, the water that comes from on high to slake the thirst of man, and cattle, and plant, and tree: even the olive-tree, and the palm-tree, and the vine — and he speaks to these desert folk of the sea upon which walk the great ships. Are not all these things made for man's use and service, even while they serve Allah. . . . "I never said that Allah's treasures are in my hands, that I knew the hidden things, or that I was an Angel. . . . I, who cannot even help or trust myself, unless Allah willeth. Will ye not reflect a little?" . . . Did they perceive the flashes of lightning and the thunderous rolls? Allah would show them His miracles in good time — even the yawning mouth of Hell. Then they would indeed believe, even as those people of the Cities of the Plain had believed, when it was too late. Had their caravans passed the Dead Sea — even Sodom and Gomorrah? Did they know how Thamud and Ad were destroyed by a terrible cry from Heaven, or what had become of Pharaoh? "These are the signs of Allah. . . . He giveth Life, and He giveth Death, and unto Him ye must return." . . . And to leave no doubt as to what his own signs and wonders really consist of, the single verses of the *Koran* are called *Ayat* = Hebr. *Ot* :— *letter, sign, wonder*.

But all these protests availed nought. Miracles there must be, and miracles there were. Three — and that is all — are *hinted* at in the *Koran*. First, Mohammed's seeing Gabriel "in the open horizon," when despair drove him to attempt self-destruction: "One mighty in power, endued with understanding," revealed himself to him, then "on the highest part of the horizon, at two bows' length." And again he appears to him under a certain tree, "the Tree of the Limit" — a lotos-tree: covered with myriads of angels, near the Garden of Repose. This second vision, however, is probably connected with the *Miraj*, or Mohammed's Night-journey. The Jews had told the Arabians that no prophet ever arose out of the Holy Land, and that Moses had gone up to Heaven. What they did not tell them probably was that other significant saying, that, since the destruction of Jerusalem, the gift of prophecy had fallen to fools and babes — a dictum we have often enough felt inclined to quote of our own days. And further, that the Talmud states,

\* See "Talmud," p. 457.

as expressly as can be, that "Moses never went up to heaven,"—even as it is written, "The Heavens are Jehovah's, and the Earth hath He given to the children of man."\*

It was therefore absolutely necessary that the Prophet should have been in the Holy Land, nay, in Jerusalem. And the *Miraj* happened, the transfiguration, the ascension, the real consummation of Mohammed's mission, and the centre of Islamic transcendental legend and creed. A whole volume of traditions exists on this one single point.

"'Praise be unto Him,' says the Koran, 'who transported His servant by night from the temple Al Harâm (Mecca) to the remotest temple (of Jerusalem), the circuit of which we have blessed, that we might show Him some of our signs. Verily He that heareth, that seeth!'" . . .

And in verse sixty-two of that same chapter, this journey is emphatically declared to be a "Vision"—"a dream"—"a trial for men."

And these are its brief outlines, though Mohammed's own account was probably still more briefly and soberly conceived, as compared with the worlds of golden dreams in which the later legend revels.†

In the middle of the night Gabriel appeared to Mohammed, and told him that the Lord had intended to bestow honour upon him such as He had not bestowed upon any born being yet, such as had never come into any man's heart. He arose, and they went to the Kaaba, which they encompassed seven times. Gabriel then took out Mohammed's heart, washed it in the well Zemzem, filled it with faith and knowledge, and put it back in its place. He was then clothed in a robe of light, and was covered with a turban of light, in which in thousandfold rays of light gleamed the words, "Mohammed is God's Prophet; Mohammed is God's Friend." Then, surrounded by myriads of angels he bestrode the *Borak*—which only means Lightning—and he had the face of a man; his red chest was as a ruby, and his back like a white pearl. His wings reached from the eastern point of the horizon to the western,

and at every step he went as far as eye could see. Thrice Mohammed prayed while he flew: at Medina, at Madyan, at Bethlehem. Sweet voices were calling—to the left, to the right, before him, behind him: beautiful women flitted around: he heeded nought. And the angel told him that had he listened to the first voice, his followers would have become Jews; to the second, Christians; to the third, they would have given up Paradise for the pleasures of this world. At Jerusalem he entered, greeted by new hosts of angels, the Temple (and the ring by which the *Borak* was fastened has no doubt been seen by many of our readers near the "Dome of the Rock"); and here all the prophets, Christ among them, were assembled; and very striking are the likenesses given of them. Abraham resembled Mohammed most of all.

Prayers were said, and Mohammed acted as Priest Precentor. Most of the prophets then held a brief discourse in praise of God, and descriptive of their own individual mission on earth. Mohammed, having spoken last, ascended Jacob's ladder, standing upon the Rock, the same which forms, according to the Midrash, the foundation-stone of the earth. And a very strange-looking rock it is, rising a few feet above the marble around, scarcely touched with the chisel, and at its south-western corner there is seen the "footprint of the Prophet," and next to it the "handprint of Gabriel," who held down the rock as it tried to rise heavenwards with God's Messenger. The ladder on which Mohammed mounted into the regions of light is the same which Jacob saw in his dream: it reaches from Heaven to Earth, and on it the souls of the departed return to God. It is made of ruby and emerald, of gold and of silver, and of precious stones.

Having passed the angel who held the seven earths and the seven heavenly spheres, and the blue abyss in which float all ideal prototypes of things sublunary, he and Gabriel arrived at the Gates of the first Heaven of the World, where myriads of new angels held watch. Both he and Gabriel entered, and found other myriads praising God in the posture of Muslim prayer. On a magnificent throne sat Adam, dressed in light, the human souls arrayed by his sides—to his right the good souls, to his left the wicked ones. Further on were Paradise and Hell. Punishments were wrought here according to earthly deeds. The miserly souls were naked, and hungry, and thirsty; thieves and swindlers sat at tables filled with gorgeous things, of which they were not allowed to participate;

\* See "Talmud," p. 459.

† We may have occasion to trace some of the gorgeous features of this Vision in the later Haggadah, when we speak of Mohammed's Heaven and Hell. Exceedingly characteristic are the differences on some points: among other things, the entire omission in the Mohammedan legend of that fifth Heaven of the Midrash "Gan Eden," which is reserved for the souls of noble women—Pharaoh's daughter, who so tenderly took pity on the child Moses, occupying the first place in the first circle.

and scoffers and slanderers carried heavy spiked logs of wood that tore their flesh, even as they had wounded the hearts of their fellow-men. Thus they passed heaven after heaven. In the second they found Christ and John the Baptist; in the third, Joseph and David; in the fourth, Enoch; in the fifth, Aaron; in the sixth, Moses, who wept because Mohammed was to be more exalted than he had been. In the highest heaven they found Abraham. Above the seventh heaven they came to a tree of vast leaves and fruits. In it is Gabriel's dwelling-place, on one branch of untold expanse; in another, myriads of angels are reading the Pentateuch; in another, other myriads of angels read the Gospel; yet in another, they sing the Psalms; and in another, they chaunt the Koran, from eternity to eternity. Four rivers flow forth from this region, one of which is the *river of Mercy*. There is also a House of Prayer there, right above the Kaaba.\* Near it is a tank of light, from which, when Gabriel's light approaches it, seventy thousand angels spring into existence — which will remind our readers of the river of fire that rolls its flames under the Divine throne, and out of which rise ever new myriads of angels, who praise God and sink back into nought.† They approach the temple, singing praises unto God; and each time, when their voices resound, a new angel is born. "Not a drop of water is in the sea, not a leaf on a tree, not a span of space in the heavens that is not guarded by an angel." And to this day all these gorgeous transcendentalisms and day-dreams survive bodily in certain Jewish mystic liturgical poems (Piut), in which the golden rivers of the Haggadah have been turned by Poets or "Paitanas" at an early period.‡

A space further, a little space, after the Tree of the Limit, Mohammed found himself of a sudden alone. Neither Gabriel nor Borak dared go beyond it; and he heard a voice calling "Approach." And he passed on, and curtain after curtain, and veil after veil was drawn up before him and fell behind him. When the last curtain rose, he stood within two bow-shots from the Throne; and here — says the Koran — "he saw the greatest of the signs of his Lord." No pen dared to say more. "There was a great stillness, and nothing was heard except the silent sound of the

reed, wherewith the decrees of God are inscribed upon the tablets of Fate." . . .

It would indeed be a labour of love, and not without its reward, to follow this Miraj-Saga through all its stages, down to the Persian and Turkish cycles. But it is not our task. All we have to add here is that Mohammed is not to be made responsible for some of his enthusiastic admirers when they transformed this vision — a vision as grand as any in the whole Divine Comedy, — which indeed has unconsciously borrowed some of its richest plumage from it, — but which Mohammed, until he was sick of it, insisted on calling a *Dream*, into insipidity and drivel.

One feature more deserves mention. When Zaid asked the Prophet after his little daughter who had died, he answered that she was in Paradise and happy. And Zaid wept bitterly.

Remains, as of traditional miracles, the last one of the two Angels who took out Mohammed's heart when he was a boy, purified it in snow, then weighed it, and found it weightier than all the thousands they put into the other scale: — a parable equally transparent, and hardly a "miracle" in the conventional sense of the word.

One only command was given to Mohammed on that occasion of the Ascension: — that his faithful should pray fifty times daily. And when he returned to where Moses waited for him, and told him this, Moses made him return to pray God to reduce the number. And it was made forty. This is still too much, Moses said; I know that the faithful will not be able to do even thus much. And again and again was the number reduced till it came to five, and Mohammed no longer dared return to God, though Moses urged him to do so.

Very strikingly indeed does the Haggadah manifest her constant presence, not merely throughout this whole Vision, but even in such minute features as this last, of God's instructing Mohammed about prayer.\* For when the Pentateuch records that extraordinary manifestation of God to Moses on the rock, where the glory of the Lord passeth by and proclaims: "Jehovah, Jehovah, God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant of goodness and truth, and keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression and sin" . . . the Talmud first of all introduces this passage, as is its wont, in the like anthropomorphic passages, with the awe-stricken, half-trembling words that, If Holy Writ had not said this, no man would dare to

\* In accordance with the haggadistic notion of the "Jerusalem above," and the "heavenly Jerusalem" of the New Testament.

† See "Talmud," p. 456.

‡ In Western Europe this part of the Jewish Liturgy, as too mystical for the weaker brethren, has now mostly been abrogated.

\* For the shortening of it, see above, note.

speak of a like manifestation; and, next, proceeds to explain that "*God showed Moses how that men should pray.*" — "Let them invoke my Mercy and my Long-suffering. I will forgive them. Jehovah — twice repeated — means, It is Jehovah, even I, before man sinneth, and I, the self-same Jehovah, after he had sinned and repented."

It is time that we should now return, after these many indispensable little monographs, to the founder of Islam himself, as a historical personage. Ere we proceed to his book and faith, we must sum up the events that led first to his Flight, that event with which not only he, but Arabia, enters history, an event fraught with intense importance for all mankind.

When Mohammed had become clear as to his mission, he sought converts. And his first convert was his faithful, motherly Chadija; his second the freed slave Zaid, probably a Christian, whom he adopted; and his third, his small cousin Ali, ten years of age. Chadija, his good angel, Tradition reports,

"believed in Mohammed and believed in the truth of the Revelation, and fortified him in his aims. She was the first who believed in God, in His messenger, and in the Revelation. Thereby God had sent him comfort, for as often as he heard aught disagreeable, contradictory, or how he was shown to be a liar, she was sad about it. God comforted him through her when he returned to her, in rousing him up again and making his burden more light to him, assuring him of her own faith in him, and representing to him the futility of men's babble."

And, in truth, when she died, not merely he but Islam lost much of their fervour, much of their purity. He would not be comforted, though he married many wives after her; and the handsomest and youngest of his wives would never cease being jealous of that "dead, toothless old woman." Abu Bakr, a wealthy merchant, energetic, prudent, and honest, joined at once. He had probably been a fellow-disciple of Mohammed at the feet of Zaid the Skeptic, and was his confidant and bosom-friend throughout his life — the only one who unhesitatingly joined, "who tarried not, neither was he perplexed," Mohammed said of him. It was he who stood at the head of the twelve chosen Apostles who subsequently rallied round the Prophet, among whom we find Hamza, the Lion of God, Othman, Omar, and the rest, men of energy, talent, and wealth, and long before adverse to Paganism. Those twelve were his principal advisers while he lived, and after his death they founded an empire greater

than that of Alexander or Rome. As to Abu Bakr, he was but two years younger than the Prophet; not a man of genius, but of calm, clear, impartial judgment, and yet of so tender and sympathetic a heart that he used to be called "the Sighing." He was not only one of the most popular men, but also rich and generous, and thus his influence cannot well be overrated. It is his adherence to Mohammed throughout, which, even by those who most depreciate the Prophet, is taken as one of the highest guarantees of the latter's sincerity. Nay, he is said to have done more for Islam than Mohammed himself — not to mention that, with his extensive knowledge of genealogy, one of the most important sciences of the period, he was able, at the Prophet's desire, to supply Hassan, the poet of the Faith, with matter for satires against the inimical Kureish.

Most of Mohammed's relations seemed to have treated his teachings with scorn. "There he goes," they used to say; "he is going to speak to the world about the Heavens now." Abu Lahab, in open family council, called him a fool, instantly upon which followed that characteristic Surah, "Perish shall the hands of Abu Lahab. May he perish. . . . And his wife shall carry fuel for his hell fire." The other Meccans treated the whole story of his mission, his revelations, and dreams, with something like pitying contempt, as long as he kept to generalities, though the number of unimportant adherents grew apace. But when he spoke of their gods, which they naively enough would call Thagut (Error), the technical Jewish word for Idols,\* as Idols, they waxed wroth and combined against him, until the stir both he and they made spread more and more rapidly and dangerously, and with it rose his own courage. He felt committed. All hesitations, and doubts, and fears, and reconciliations, he cast behind him now. He openly set the proud Meccans at defiance. He cursed those who reviled him with burning curses. He cursed their fathers in their graves; nay, his own father would undergo eternal punishment in hell, for that he been an idolator. "There is no God but Allah!" He cried it aloud, day and night, and the echoes became more and more frequent.

His life was in jeopardy now, and his uncle Abu Talib, under whose protection he had fallen from a youth, stood forth against the whole clan. He would protect him if they all combined against him. Did

\* See Targums, in Smith's "Dict. of the Bible."

he believe in his mission? Not in the least. He remained steadfast in his own creed or scepticism to the day of his death. But he was an Arab, a Shemite. He had adopted him, and promised to protect him; and nothing, absolutely nothing, could cause him to break that holiest of engagements. He received the deputations of his kinsfolk, listened to their speeches, "how that Mohammed blasphemed their gods, called the living, fools, and the dead, denizens of hell fire; that he was mad, brought disgrace upon their family and the whole clan, that he ought to be extinguished somehow — anyhow;" and he shook his head, saying nothing, or next to nothing. Again they returned and again, and, at last, demanded that the Possessed Man should be given up to them to be dealt with according to their judgment. If not — "We are determined no longer to bear his blasphemy towards our gods, nor his insults towards ourselves. If thou givest him protection, we will fight both him and thee, until one of us shall have been extinguished."

Abu Talib sent for Mohammed and told him what had happened, representing to him the position of affairs, and spoke to him about the danger he had brought upon their good old tribe. And very characteristic, not merely for the dramatic personæ, but for Arab feeling, is the further story of the interview. Mohammed, though fully believing now that even his uncle was about to abandon him to the mercies of his kinsfolk, replied — "By Allah, uncle, if they put the sun to my right hand, and the moon to my left, I will not give up the course which I am pursuing until Allah gives me success or I perish." And the tears starting to his eyes, he turned to depart. Then Abu Talib cried out aloud, "Son of my brother, come back!" And he returned. And Abu Talib said: "Depart in peace, O my nephew! Say whatever thou desirest, for, by Allah, I will in no wise abandon thee, for ever."

Fanaticism here baffled sought an outlet elsewhere. As usual the weak and the unprotected became the first victims and martyrs to their faith, whilst others apostatized, until Mohammed himself advised his converts to go to Abyssinia, where there ruled a pious and just king, and where they would find protection. Here, also, when Meccan ambassadors pursued them, and tried to obtain their extradition, they declared their creed to the Negus in these words: —

"We lived in ignorance, in idolatry, and unchastity, the strong oppressed the weak, we

spoke untruth, we violated the duties of hospitality. Then a prophet arose, one whom we knew from our youth, with whose descent, and conduct, and good faith, and morality we are all well acquainted. He told us to worship one God, to speak the truth, to keep good faith, to assist our relations, to fulfil the rights of hospitality, to abstain from all things impure, ungodly, unrighteous. And he ordered us to say prayers, give alms, and to fast. We believed in him, we followed him. But our countrymen persecuted us, tortured us, and tried to cause us to forsake our religion, and now we throw ourselves upon your protection with confidence."

They then read him the nineteenth chapter of the Koran, which speaks of Christ and John the Baptist, and they all wept, and the King dismissed the Meccan messengers, refusing to give up the refugees. As to the nature of Christ they gave him a somewhat vague account, with which the King, however, agreed — to his later discomfiture.

This nineteenth chapter, which so moved them all, contains the story both of the Annunciation of John's birth to Zacharias, and that of Christ's birth to the Virgin. It is here where Maryam = Mary, "the daughter of Amran, the sister of Harun," is described, as in the Gospel of the Infancy, as leaning on a barren trunk of a palm-tree when the throes come upon her, and she cries, "Would to God that I had been dead and forgotten before this." . . . And a voice came from within, "Grieve not." And a rivulet gushed forth at her feet, and the erst withered palm glistened with luscious dates. Then, taunted by the people for having borne a child — "her father not being a bad man, nor her mother disreputable" — the child itself, even Christ, to whom she mutely points, answers to everybody's wonderment, out of his cradle, in this wise: "I am the servant of Allah. He has given me the Book, and He has appointed me as a Prophet." And a few verses further on, a new rhyme indicates the commencement of a new episode, which reads as follows: "This is Jesus, the son of Maryam, according to the true doctrine (not "the words of truth," as often translated), which they doubt. It is not fit for God that He should have a son. Praise to Him!" (i.e., far be it from Him.) And finally at the end of the same chapter: —

"They say God has begotten a son. In this ye utter a blasphemy; and but little is wanting but the Heavens should tear open, and the earth cleave asunder, and the mountains fall down, for that they attribute children to the Merciful, whereas it is not meet for God to have children. No one in Heaven and on Earth shall



approach the Merciful otherwise than as His servant."\* . . .

This is the first *Hejrah*, the first triumph of the Faith. But meanwhile Mohammed himself had recanted, apostatized—twice. While the small band were proclaiming the purity of his Revelation before the Negus of Abyssinia, Mohammed had gone to the Kaaba and in his sorely-embittered state of mind, finding himself alienated from everybody, in the midst of an absolutely hopeless, almost single-handed struggle, invoked, before the assembled Kureish, their three popular idols—"the sublime swans," whose intercession might be sought. The Assembly were delighted, and, though they despised his feebleness, yet they wished to put an end to the unseemly strife, and forthwith declared their readiness to believe in his doctrine, since it embraced the worship of their ancient gods. But on the day following Mohammed publicly rescinded that declaration. "The devil had prompted him," he declared boldly, and bitterer waxed the feud than before. But his mind was, as we said, in a sorely-vexed state at that time. He was low-spirited, nervous, full of fear, and he was still ready to make concessions. To escape abuse he, at about the same period, declared that he had been commanded to permit the continuation of sacrifices to the idols; and then he repented again, and verses expressive of his contrition at his momentary weakness came and comforted him in the midst of the new troubles caused by his recantation. At that time it was also that great comfort came to him in the conversion of those two: Hamza, called the Lion of God, and Omar, the Paul of Islam, whilom Mohammed's bitterest adversary, who had entered the house of Mohammed, girded with his sword, resolved on slaying him, and who returned a Muslim, the most zealous apostle of the faith, its most valiant defender and mainstay. Among the twelve of whom we spoke, Abu Bakr and Hamza became the principal heads and mainsprings of young Islam.

And now the breach in the clan was completed. The whole family of Mohammed, the Hashimites, were excommunicated. Great hardships ensued for both sides for the space of three years, until when both were anxious to remove the excommunication, the document itself was found to have been destroyed by worms—all but the name of God with which it commenced. While thus, on the one hand Mohammed's star seemed in the ascendant, he having forced, if not recognition, at any rate toler-

ation, a bitter grief befel him. Chadija, sixty-five years of age, died; shortly after his protector, Abu Talib; and, as if to fill the cup of his misery, he now became aware also that he was a beggar. As long as Chadija lived she provided for him, leaving him to believe in his prosperity. For he was chiefly occupied with his Revelations, and with going about preaching to the caravans, the pilgrims, the people, at the fairs. And behind him went his other uncle, like a grim shadow, and when he exhorted the people to repeat after him: "There is no God but Allah," and promised that they would all be kings if they did—as indeed they became; Abu Lahab "the squinter," with his two black side-curls, would mock at him, call him a liar and a Sabian. And the people mocked after him, and drove him away, and said "Surely your own kinsfolk must know best what sort of a prophet you be." This Abu Lahab now had to stand forward, and as kinsman to take upon himself the galling charge of protecting Mohammed, whom he loathed. Abu Talib had resisted on his death-bed the entreaties both of Mohammed and of the Kureish—the one trying to induce him to embrace Islam, the others to give up his nephew. He did neither, and thus left the matter where it was. But Mohammed felt the awkwardness and danger of his position as the protected of his great foe very keenly, and he resolved to turn away from the place of his birth, even as Abraham had done, and Moses, and other prophets, and try to gain a hearing elsewhere. He accordingly went to Tayif, within three days' journey of Mecca, but he was unsuccessful. They hinted that his life would not be safe among them. The rabble pooted and pelted him with stones. He returned with a sad heart. On his road he stopped, and preached. And as whilom the stones had said Amen to the blind Saint's sermon, so now, legend says, the Jin listened to his words, as men would not hear him. And when Zaid, who went with him, asked him how he dared to return to the Kureish, he replied, "God will find means to protect His religion and His prophet."

And in the midst of these vicissitudes the event happened without which Mohammedanism would never have been heard of, save as one of the thousand outbreaks of sectarianism.

Medina, then Yathrib, was inhabited by a great number of Jews. They had, as mentioned before, an academy, where both Halachah and Haggadah were expounded, though very unostentatiously. They lived

\* Comp. above.

in peace and friendship with their neighbours, but had often religious conversations with them, in which the idolators fared badly enough. With keenness of intellect, with sudden sparks of *esprit*, with all the arts of casuistry, they showed them the inanity of their form of belief. They further, as the keepers of holy books, told them such legends and tales about their common ancestor Abraham, their common kinsman Ishmael, and all that befel those before, and those after them, that their imagination was kindled, their heart moved, their intellect fired, and that secretly they could not but agree to the mental and religious superiority of these their neighbours. But their Arab pride would not yield; and when they openly denied this superiority of Faith, the Jews would tell them that their Messiah would come and punish them for their unbelief, even as the unbelief of the legendary aborigines, who had lived there before them, had been punished.

When the few pilgrims who had patiently listened to Mohammed, at his many preachings, brought back the strange tidings to Medina that a certain man of good family had publicly renounced the old gods, and had spoken of the God of Abraham, and of his mission to convert his brethren to him, not a Jew, not preaching Judaism, but an Arab, a Gentile like themselves, a man of their own kith and kin, a man who had gradually acquired a certain position and following in spite of all attacks and hindrances, it struck some of the advanced and far-seeing men of that city, that this was an opportunity not to be lost. If their people, "in whom more dissension was to be found than in any other on the face of the earth," could be united by one pure faith, which was emphatically their own, and which, though acknowledging some of the fundamental truths of Judaism, did not acknowledge Judaism itself, it would be a vast achievement; and if, further, they would acknowledge the coming man, the Messiah, with whom they had been threatened by the Jews, before even these knew of him, they would gain a doubly brilliant victory. And they went to Mohammed secretly as a deputation, and told him that if he were capable of creating that union, religious and political, which was needed, they would acknowledge him to be the foretold prophet, and "the greatest man that ever lived."

Mohammed then recited to them a brief summary of the commandments — to worship but One God, not to steal, not to commit adultery, not to kill their children, not

to slander, and to obey his authority in things "right and just," which they repeated after him. This is called the woman's vow, because the same points were afterwards repeated for the benefit of the women in the Koran, and because there was no mention of fighting for the faith in this formula.

Shortly after this a solemn and secret compact was entered into between another influential deputation from Medina and himself: in the stillness of night, "so that the sleeper should not be awakened, and the absent not be waited for." Here he more fully declared his faith. There are, he told them, many forms of Islam or Monotheism; and each takes a different kind of worship or outer garment. The real points consist of the belief in the Resurrection, in the Day of Judgment, and, above all, unconditional faith in one only God, Allah, unto whom utter submission is due, and who alone is to be feared and worshipped. Other essential points are consistency in misfortune, prayer, and charity.

Whereupon they swore allegiance into his hands. This over, he selected twelve men among them — Jesus had chosen twelve Apostles, and Moses his elders of the tribes of Israel, he said — and exhorted those who had not been chosen, not to be angry in their hearts, inasmuch as not he but Gabriel had determined the choice. These were the twelve "Bishops" (Nakib), while the other men of Medina are called "Aids" (Ansár).

Secretly as these things had been done, they soon became known in Mecca, and now not a moment was to be lost. The Koreish could no longer brook this: Mohammed's folly had become dangerous. About one hundred families of influence in Mecca, who believed in the Prophet, silently disappeared, by twos, and threes, and fours, and went to Medina, where they were received with enthusiasm. Entire quarters of the city thus became deserted, and Otba, at the sight of these vacant abodes, once teeming with life, "sighed heavily," and recited the old verse: "Every dwelling-place, even if it have been blessed ever so long, at last will become a prey to wind and woe." . . . "And," he bitterly added, "all this is the work of our noble nephew, who hath scattered our assemblies, ruined our affairs, and created dissension among us." The position now grew day by day more embarrassing. A blow had to be struck. Still Mohammed was in Mecca, he, Ali, and Abu Bakr. An assembly of the Koreish met in all despatch at the town-hall, and some chiefs of other clans were invited to attend.

The matter had become a question for the commonwealth, not for a tribe.— And the Devil also came, according to the legend, in the guise of a venerable sheikh. Stormy was the meeting, for the men began to be afraid. Imprisonment for life, perpetual exile, and finally death, were proposed. It is for this that Satan was wanted by the legend. No Arab would have counselled death for Mohammed. The last proposal was accepted; its execution deferred to the first dark night. A number of noble youths were to do the bloody deed. Meanwhile they watched his house to prevent his escape.

But meanwhile, also, "the angel Gabriel" had told Mohammed what his enemies had planned against him. And he put his own green garment upon Ali, bade him lie on his own bed, and escaped, as David had escaped, through the window. A price was set upon his head. Abu Baka, the "sole companion," was with him. They hid in a cave in the direction opposite from that leading to Medina, on Mount Thaur. A spider wove his web over the mouth of the cave, relate the traditions. Be it observed, by the way, that even this spider and web belong to the Haggadah, and are found in the Targum to the ninety-fifth Psalm, where David is, by these means, hidden from his enemies. Two wild pigeons laid their eggs at the entrance of the cave, so that the pursuers were convinced that none could have entered it for many a long day; and the pigeons were blessed ever after, and made sacred within the Holy Territory. Once or twice danger was nigh, and Abu Bakr began to fear. "They were but two," he said. "Nay," Mohammed said, "we are three; God is with us." And He was with them. It was a hot day in September, 622, when Mohammed entered Yathrib, from that time forth honoured by the name of *Medinat An-Nabi*, the City of the Prophet, at noon:—ten, thirteen, or fifteen years (the traditions vary) after his assumption of the sacred office. This is the Hejrah, or Mohammedan Era, which dates from the first month of the first lunar year after the Prophet's entry into the city. A Jew watching on a tower espied him first, in order that there might be fulfilled the words of the Koran, "The Jews know him better than they know their own children." Before entering the gate, he alighted from his camel, and prayed.

From that time forth, Mohammed's life, hitherto obscure and dark, stands out in its minutest details. He now is judge, lawgiver, king; even to the day of his death. We shall leave our readers to fol-

low out the minutiae of his life in any of the biographies at their hand, which, from this period forth, no longer differ in any essential point.

But here we turn at once to that period of his open dissensions with the Jews, who, as we said, already formed a very influential section at Medina. He had by degrees come to sanction and adopt as much of their dogmas, their legends, their ceremonies, as ever was compatible with his mission as a Prophet of the Arabs; and one who, barring the fundamental dogma of the Sonship, wished to conciliate also the Christians. He constantly refers to the testimony of the Jews, calls them the first receivers of the Law, and not merely in such matters as turning in prayer towards Jerusalem, instead of the national sanctuary, the Kaaba, he had followed them—nay, at Medina he even adopted the Day of Atonement, date, name, and all. All that he wanted in return was that they should acknowledge him as *the* Prophet of the Gentiles (*Ummi*), and testify to his mission. But the veil had suddenly been torn from the eyes of these Jews. If they had thought him a meet instrument to convert all Arabia to Judaism, and had eagerly fostered and encouraged him, had instructed him in law and legend, and had caused him to believe in himself and his mission, they, of a sudden, became aware that their supposed tool had become a thing of ever-growing power; and they had recourse to the most dangerous arms imaginable for laying that ghost which they had helped to raise. They laughed at him publicly. They told stories of how he came by his "Revelations." They who had been so anxious to inure him into the Midrash, challenged him by silly questions on Haggadic lore,—to which he was imprudent enough to give serious replies,—to prove his Messiahship, with which they unceasingly taunted him. They produced the Bible, and showed how different the tales he told of the patriarchs and others were from those contained in that book: they who had begotten this Haggadic guise themselves. Of course the stories did not agree, and even Christians (Omayyah and others,) testified to that fact. What remained for Mohammed but to declare that, in those instances, both Jews and Christians had falsified their books, or that they did not understand them—applying to them the rabbinical designation of certain scholars: that though they had the books, they were but "as asses laden with them," and comprehended not their contents; or that they gave out foolish stories to be *the*

Book itself. He now declared that, "of all men, Jews and Idolators hate the Muslims most." And in truth, when asked whether they preferred Mohammed's teaching or Idolatry, they would reply—as their ancestors had done centuries before—"Idolatry:—since idolators did not know any better, whilst there were those who knowingly perverted the pure doctrine, and sowed strife and dissension between Israel and their Father which is in Heaven." Some Jewish fanatics even attempted his life—one, innocently enough, by witchcraft; another, by the more earnest missile of a stone. They wrote satires and squibs upon him, men and women. There was no end to their provocations. They mispronounced his Koranic words—"twisting their tongues"—so as to give them an offensive meaning. Their "look down upon us," sounded like "O our wicked one." For "forgiveness", they said "sin;" for "peace upon thee"—"contempt upon thee," and the like. They mocked at his expression of "giving God a good loan"—"we being rich and He poor!" they said—evidently forgetting the similar expressions of the Mishnah itself, which speaks of certain good deeds\* as bringing interest in this world, while the capital is reserved for the next. And the inevitable happened. The breach came to pass, and there was hatred even unto death on both sides. It was too late to substitute another faith, other doctrines, other legends, even had they been at hand. But as much as could be done without endangering the whole structure, to show the irreconcilable breach, was done now. The faithful were no longer to turn their faces towards Jerusalem, but towards Mecca. Friday was made the day of rest, and the call to prayer was introduced as a supposed protest against the trumpet of the synagogue, though the trumpet was scarcely ever used for the purpose of the call to prayer. The Jews were not to be saluted in the streets; the faithful were to abstain from eating with them; they are declared beyond the pale—and bitterly had they to rue their lost game.

In the first year of the Hejrah, Mohammed proclaimed war against the enemies of the faith. At Badr the Muslims first stood face to face with the Meccans, and routed them, though but 316 against 600. The Koreish and certain Jewish tribes were the next object of warfare. Six years after the Flight he proclaimed a general pilgrimage

to Mecca. Its inhabitants though prohibiting this, concluded a peace with him, whereby he was recognised as a belligerent, and the pilgrimage was carried out the very next year. Next, other Jewish tribes had to feel his iron rod, whilst he nearly lost his life at the hands of a Jewess, another Judith, who tried to poison him, and, when charged with the crime, said that she had only wished to see whether Mohammed really was a prophet, and now she was convinced of it. She thus saved her own life; but the poison worked on, and in his dying hour Mohammed spoke of that poison "cutting his heart-strings." His missionaries now sought a larger sphere than Arabia. Letters were sent by him to Heraclius, to the Governor of Egypt, to Abyssinia, to Chosroës II., to Amra the Ghassanide. The latter resented this as an insult, executed the messenger, and the first war between Islam and Christianity broke out. Islam was beaten. Mecca at these news rose anew, threw off the mask of friendship, and broke the alliance. Whereupon Mohammed marched of a sudden 10,000 men strong upon them, before they had time for any preparation, took Mecca by storm, and was publicly acknowledged chief and prophet. More strife and more, chiefly minor, contests followed, in which he was more or less victorious. In the year ten of the Hejrah, he undertook his last solemn pilgrimage to Mecca, with at least 40,000 Muslims, and there on Mount Arafat blessed them, like Moses, and repeated his last exhortations; chiefly telling them to protect the weak, the poor, and the women, and to abstain from usury.

Once again he thought of war. He planned a huge expedition against the Greeks; but he felt death approaching. One night, at midnight, he went to the cemetery of Medina and prayed and wept upon the tombs, and asked God's blessing for his "companions resting in peace." Next day he went to the mosque as usual, ascended the pulpit, and commenced his exhortation with these words: "There was once a servant unto whom God had given the option of whatever worldly goods he would desire, or the rewards that are near God; and he chose those which are near God." And Abu Bakr, hearing these words, wept and said, "May our fathers and mothers, our lives and our goods, be a sacrifice for you, O messenger of God." And the people marvelled at these words. They wist not that the prophet spoke of his near death, but Abu Bakr knew. For a few more days Mohammed went about as

\* Such as reverence for father and mother, charity, early application to study, hospitality, doing the last honours to the dead, promoting peace between man and his neighbour. See "Talmud," p. 444.

usual; but terrible headaches, accompanied by feverish symptoms, soon forced him to seek rest. He chose Ayisha's house, close to the mosque, and there took part as long as he could in public prayers. For the last time he addressed the faithful, asking them, like Moses, whether he had wronged any one, or whether he owed ought to any one. To round the story off right realistically, there was an imbecile present who claimed certain unpaid pennies; which were immediately refunded to him, though not without a bitter word. He then read passages from the Koran preparing them for his death, and exhorted them to keep peace among themselves. Never after that hour did he ascend the pulpit, says the tradition, "till the day of the Resurrection." Whether he intended to appoint a successor—Mosaylima, perhaps, the pseudo-prophet, as Sprenger suggests—or not, must always remain a mystery. It is well known that the writing materials for which he had asked were not given to him. Perhaps they did think him delirious, as they said. Some medicine was given to him, accompanied by certain superstitious rites and formulas. He protested with horror when he became aware of this. He wandered; somewhat of Heaven and Angels were his last words—"Denizens of Heaven . . . Sons of Abraham . . . prophets . . . they fall down, weeping, glorifying His Majesty. . . ." Ayisha, in whose lap his head rested, felt it growing heavy and heavier: she looked into his face, saw his eyes gazing upwards, and heard him murmuring; "No, the companions above . . . in Paradise." She then took his hand in hers, praying. When she let it sink, it was cold and dead. This happened about noon of Monday (12th or 11th) of the third month in the 11th year of the Hejrah (8th June, 632). Terrible was the distress which the news of his death caused. Many of the faithful refused to believe in it, and Omar confirmed them in their doubt. But Abu Bakr sprang forth, saying, "Whosoever among you who has believed in Mohammed, let him know that Mohammed is dead; but he who has believed in Mohammed's God, let him continue to serve Him, for He is still alive and never dies. . . ."

We have in this succinct review of the stages through which Mohammed went, carefully abstained from pronouncing upon him *ex cathedra*; from accusing or defending him. All this has been done, and public opinion is at rest on the point, for instance, of his marrying many wives, or committing wholesale slaughter when an example had to be made. Also with

regard to his "cunning," and "craftiness," and the rest of it. There is, Mohammedans tell us now, polygamy and massacre enough and to spare in the Bible, and its heroes are in no wise exempt from human frailties. Moreover, "far-sighted prudence and energetic action"—provided always that they belong to the victorious camp—are not considered very grave faults. But we have also abstained from adducing many Koranic passages, however tempting it was to substitute for our own sober account the glowing words of "inspiration"—the cry out of the depths of an intensely human heart in its sore agony—the wail over the peace that is lost—the exultant bugle-call that proclaims the God-given triumph—the yell of revenge, or the silent anguish, and the unheard, the unseen tear of a man. These things do indeed write a more faithful biography, than the acutest historian will ever compile out of the infinite and infinitesimal mosaics at his disposal.

Mohammed has had many biographers, from the Byzantines, who could not satisfy their souls with heaping up mountains of silly abuse; from Maracci and Prideaux—the former of whom has, not without some show of reason, been accused of being a secret believer, while the latter wishes to stop by his biography, "the great prevailing infidelity in the present age," more especially as he has reason to fear that "wrath hath some time gone forth from the Lord," and that the "Wicked One may, by some other such instrument, overwhelm us with foulest delusions"—to those great authorities, Sprenger, Muir, Nöldeke, Weil, Amari. The work of the first of these we have placed at the head of our paper because it is the most comprehensive, the most exhaustive, the most learned of all; because, more than any of the others, it does, by bringing all the material bodily before the reader, enable him to form his own judgment. Next to him in fulness and genuineness of matter, though not in genius perhaps, stands, to our thinking, Muir; only that a certain preconceived notion of Satan seems to have taken somewhat too firm a hold upon his mind. Both Muir and Sprenger have drunk out of the fulness of the East in the East, spending part of their lives in research on Indian and Mohammedan soil. Weil, Amari, Nöldeke,\* have earned the first places among Koranic investigators in Europe, while Lane, that

\* We may on another occasion enter more fully upon the individual merits of their works, and those of many others, in this large field: for the present, a bare reference to them must suffice.



most illustrious master of Arab lexicography, has both in his classical Notes on the "Arabian Nights" and in his "Modern Egyptians," thrown out most precious hints on the subject. And those that have written his life have all written it out of his book, the Koran, and its complements the Sunnah, and each has written it differently.

The Koran is a wonderful book in many respects, but chiefly in this, that it has no real beginning, middle or end. Mohammed's mind is best portrayed here. It was not a well-regulated mind. Weil, in touching terms, almost appeals to the shadow of Mohammed to come and enlighten him as to what he said, when he said it, how he said it. He cannot forgive him, he states at the commencement of his "Introduction," that he did not put everything clearly and properly in order before his death—even as a man sends his "copy" to the printers. From date-leaves and tablets of white stone, from shoulder-bones and bits of parchment, thrown promiscuously into a box, and from "the breasts of men," was the first edition of the Koran prepared, one year after the prophet's death, and the single chapters were arranged according to their respective lengths: organ-pipe fashion—and not even that accurately. And Mohammed's book is not even as the Pentateuch, according to the Documentary Theory. There are not several accounts of the same or different events vaguely put together. Nor is it even like the Talmud, which, though apparently leading us by the Ariadne-thread of the Mishnah through its labyrinths, yet every now and then plunges us into pathless wildernesses of cave and vault; through which ever and anon streams in the golden light of day, showing the wise aim and plan of their tortuous windings. But in the Koranic structure there is no cunning, no special purpose, and, indeed, you may begin at every page and end at every page. Unless one should prefer to read it from beginning to end—and we warrant that, as it now stands no one will easily perform that feat, unless he be a pious Muslim, or perchance, makes it his Arabic text-book. Hence, also, not one of these *Savans* agrees about the succession of the Chapters. There is certainly a vast amount of truth or probability on the side of some suggestions: and Sprenger has, to our mind, come nearest, because he was the least fettered by conventionalities of view; but, son of the Alps and of the Desert, he set authority at defiance and sought out his path for himself. Yet with him, too, it is difficult to agree at times, according to the greater or less sym-

pathy one feels with his stand-point, and the view he takes of the Prophet himself.

Broadly speaking, three principal divisions may, with psychological truth, be established; the first, corresponding to the period of early struggles, being marked by the higher poetical flight, by the deeper appreciation of the beauties of nature, in sudden, most passionate, lava-like outbursts, which seem scarcely to articulate themselves into words. The more prosaic and didactic tone warns us of the approach of manhood, while the dogmatising, the sermonising, the reiteration, and the abandoning of all Spiritual and Haggadic helps point to the secure possession of power, to the consummation and completion of the mission. But these divisions must not be relied upon too securely. There rings, through what may very fairly be considered some of the very last Revelations, ever and anon the old, wild cry of doubt and despair, the sermon turns abruptly into a glowing vision; a sudden rhapsody inappropriately follows a small dogmatic disquisition, or a curse, fiery and yelling as any of the hottest days is hurled upon some unbeliever's doomed head; while the very first utterances at times exhibit the theorizing, reflecting, arguing tendencies of ripe old age.

And it is exactly in these transitions, quick and sudden as lightning, that one of the great charms of the book, as it now stands, consists; and well might Goethe say that, "as often as we approach it, it always proves repulsive anew; gradually, however, it attracts, it astonishes, and, in the end, forces into admiration." The Koran, moreover, suffers more than any book we could think of by a translation, however masterly. If anywhere, it is here that the *summun jus summa injuria* holds good. What makes the Talmud so particularly delightful is this peculiar fact, that whenever jurisprudence with its thousand technicalities and uncouth terms is out of the question, it becomes easy, translucent, and clear to the merest beginner. The pathetic *naïveté* of its diction, and the evident pains it takes to make all its sayings household words, is something for which we cannot be too grateful. Hence also the fact that these words in their wisdom and grace must needs find an echo in every true heart, if told exactly as they stand, without attempt to colour them. The grandeur of the Koran, on the other hand, consists, its contents apart, in its diction. We cannot explain the peculiarly dignified, impressive, sonorous nature of Semitic sound and parlance; its *sesquipedalia verba*, with their crowd of prefixes

and affixes, each of them affirming its own position, while consciously bearing upon and influencing the central root — which they envelop like a garment of many folds, or as chosen courtiers move round the anointed person of the King.

May be, some stray reader remembers a certain thrill on waking suddenly in the middle of his first night on Eastern soil — waking, as it were, from dream into dream. For there came a voice, solitary, sweet, sonorous, floating from on high through the moonlight stillness — the voice of the blind Mueddin, singing the Ulah, or first Call to Prayer. At the sound whereof many a white figure would move silently on the low roofs, and not merely, like the palms and cypresses around, bow his head, but prostrate, and bend his knees. And the sounds went and came, "Allahu Akbar . . . . Prayer is better than sleep . . . . There is no God but He . . . . He giveth life, and He dieth not . . . . Oh! thou Bountiful . . . . Thy mercy ceaseth not . . . . My sins are great, greater is Thy mercy . . . . I extol his perfection . . . . Allahu Akbar!" — and this reader may have a vague notion of Arabic and Koranic sound, one which he will never forget.

But the Koran is *sui generis*, though its contents be often but the old wine in new bottles, and its form strikingly resembling that of pre-Islamic poetry which it condemns. It is rhythmical, rhymed, condescends to word-plays, and indulges — and in one place to an appalling degree — in refrains. As usual, the rhyme — the swaddling clothes of unborn thought — here too seems to run away at times, if not with the sense, at all events with the numbers. Yet not far; only that for the sake of the soft dual termination certain gardens and fountains and fruits are doubled; whilst on the other hand a lofty contempt for this thralldom is shown by *m* being made to answer to *n*, *l* to *r*, and so forth. Yet here, as in all these critical exoteric questions, we are treading on very dangerous ground, and we shall content ourselves with mentioning that there are at least three principal schools at variance on the very question whether the Koran is rhymed throughout: one affirming it, the other denying it, and the third taking a middle course.

We reserve all that we have to say on the outer or critical aspect of the Koran for the present; the scientific terms on this field: rules, divisions, and subdivisions, most minute and manifold, and the entire masoretic apparatus, with all the striking analogies with the corresponding Jewish labours that reveal themselves at every step.

We turn, in preference, at once to the intrinsic portion of this strange book — a book by the aid of which the Arabs conquered a world greater than that of Alexander the Great, greater than that of Rome, and in as many tens of years as the latter had wanted hundreds to accomplish her conquests; by the aid of which they, alone of all the Shemites, came to Europe as kings, whither the Phœnicians had come as tradesmen, and the Jews as fugitives or captives; came to Europe to hold up, together with these fugitives, the light to Humanity — they alone, while darkness lay around; to raise up the wisdom and knowledge of Hellas from the dead, to teach philosophy, medicine, astronomy, and the golden art of song to the West as well as to the East, to stand at the cradle of modern science, and to cause us late epigoni for ever to weep over the day when Granada fell.

We said that there is a great likeness between pre-Islamic poetry (even that of those inane "priests") and the Koran. If Mohammed wished to go straight to the heart of his people, it could only be through the hallowed means of poetry — the sole vehicle of all their "science," all tradition, all religion, all love, and all hatred. And, indeed, what has remained of fragments of that period of pre-Islamic poetry which immediately preceded Mohammed, broken, defaced, dimmed, as it is, by fanaticism and pedantic ignorance, prove it sufficiently to have been of all the brilliant periods of Arabic literature the most brilliant. There arises out of the Hamasa, the Moallakat, the Kitab Al-Aghani, nay, out of the very chips that lie imbedded in later works, such a freshness, and glory, and bloom, of desert-song — even as out of Homer's epics rise the glowing spring-times of humanity, and the deep blue heavens of Hellas — as has never again been the portion of Arab poetry. Wild, and vast, and monotonous as the yellow seas of its desert solitudes, it is withal tender, true, pathetic, soul-subduing; much more so than when in beauteous Andalus the great grandchildren of these wild rovers sang of nightly boatings by torchlight, of the moon's rays trembling on the waves, of sweet meetings in the depths of rose-gardens, of Spain's golden cities and gleaming mosques, and the far away burning desert whence their fathers came. Those grand accents of joy and sorrow, of love, and valour, and passion, of which but faint echoes strike on our ears now, were full-toned at the time of Mohammed; and he had not merely to rival the illustrious of the illustrious, but to excel them; to appeal to the superiority of what he said and sang

as a very sign and proof of his mission. And there were, at first, many and sinister tokens of rivalry and professional hatred visible, to which religious fanaticism carried fuel. Those that had fallen fighting against him, were lamented over in the most heart-rending and popular dirges. Poets of his time said even as Jehuda Al-Hassan-Halevi, that great Hebræo-Arabic minstrel, did hundreds of years after them, that they failed to see anything extraordinary in his verses. Nay, they called him names, — a fool, a madman, a ridiculous pretender and impostor; they laughed at the people of Medina for listening to "such an one." And these rival-poets formed a formidable power. Their squibs told, while the counter-satires he caused to be written fell flat. Not even "sudden visitations," by which some of the worst offenders were found struck to death, stopped the "press." Until there came a revelation — "Shall I declare unto you," he asks in the Surah called "the Poets," "on whom the Devils descend? They descend upon every lying and wicked person . . . most of them are liars. And those who err follow the steps of the poets. Seest thou not how they rove as bereft of their senses through every valley?" . . . Which reminds us strikingly of Kutayir, a pre-Islamic poet, and the answer he gave to people asking him "How he managed when poetry became difficult to him?" and he said, "I walk through the deserted habitations, and through the blooming greenswards; then the most perfect songs become easy, and the most beautiful ones flow naturally" — "roving bereft of his senses through every valley!"

Mohammed is said to have convinced a rival, Lebid, a poet-laureate of the period, of his mission, by reciting to him a portion of the now second Surah. Unquestionably it is one of the very grandest specimens of Koranic or Arabic diction, describing how hypocrites "are like unto those who kindle a fire without, and think themselves safe from darkness. But while it is at its biggest blaze, God sends a wind; the flame is extinguished, and they are shrouded in dense night. They are deaf, and dumb, and blind . . . Or when in darkness, and amidst thunder and lightning, rain-filled clouds pour from heaven, they in terror of the crash thrust their fingers into their ears."

. . . . But God compasseth the infidels around. . . . The flash of the lightning blindeth their eyes — while it lights up all things, they walk in its light — then darkness closes in upon them, and they stand rooted to the ground."

But even descriptions of this kind, grand

as they be in their own tongue, are not sufficient to kindle and preserve the enthusiasm and the faith and the hope of a nation like the Arabs, not for one generation, but for a thousand. Not the most passionate grandeur, not the most striking similes, not the legends, not the parables, not the sweet spell of rhyme-fall and the weaving of rhythmic melodies, and all the poet's cunning craft — but the kernel of it all, the doctrine, the positive, clear, distinct doctrine. And this doctrine Mohammed brought before them in a thousand, so to say, symphonic variations, modulated through the whole scale of human feeling. From prayer to curse, from despair to exultant joy, from argument, often casuistic, largely spun-out argument, to vision, either in swift, and sudden, and terrible transition, or in repetitions and reiterations — monotonous and dreary and insufferably tedious to the outsider — but to him alone.

The poets before him had sung of love. One of the principal forms of pre-Islamic poetry was, indeed, the Kasida, which almost invariably commenced with a sorrowful remembrance of her who had gone, none knew whither; and the very traces of whose tent, but yesterday gleaming afar in the midst of the wide solitudes, had disappeared overnight. Antara, himself the hero of the most famous novel, sings of the ruins, around which ever hover lovers' thoughts, of the dwelling of Abia, who is gone, and her dwelling-place knows her not; it is now desolate and silent. Amr Al Kais, "the standard-bearer of poets, but on the way to hell," as Mohammed called him, of all things praises his fortune with women, chiefly Oneisa, and in brilliant, often Heinesque, verse, sings of the good things of this world: until his father banishes him on account of an adventure wherein he, as usual, had been too happy. And of a sudden, in the midst of a wild revel, he hears that his father has been slain, and not a word said he. But higher and louder waxed the revel, and he drank deep, and gamed till the grey dawn; when he arose of a sudden, and swore a holy oath that neither wine nor woman should soothe his senses until he had taken bloody vengeance for his father: and when, consulting the oracle, he drew an arrow with the inscription "Defence," he threw it into the idol's face, saying, "Wretch, if thy father had been killed, thou wouldst have counselled Vengeance, not Defence."

They sang of valour and generosity, of love and strife, and revenge, of their noble tribe and ancestors, of beautiful women, "often even of those who did not exist, so

that woman's noble fame should be spread abroad among kings and princes," as the unavoidable scholiast informs us; of the valiant sword, and the swift camel, and the darling horse, fleetest than the whirlwind's rush. Or of early graves, upon which weeps the morning's cloud, and the fleeting nature of life, which comes and goes as the waves of the desert-sand, and as the tents of a caravan, as a flower that shoots up and dies away — while the white stars will rise and set everlastingly, and the mountains will rear their heads heavenwards, and never grow old. Or they shoot their bitter arrows of satire right into the enemy's own soul.

Mohammed sang none of these. No love-minstrelsy his, not the joys of this world, nor sword nor camel, nor jealousy or human vengeance, nor the glories of tribe or ancestor, nor the unmeaning, swiftly and for ever extinguished existence of man, were his themes. He preached *Islam*.

And he preached it by rending the skies above and tearing open the ground below, by adjuring heaven and hell, the living and the dead. The Arabs have ever been proficient in the art of swearing, but such swearing had never been heard in and out of Arabia. By the foaming waters and by the grim darkness, by the flaming sun and the setting stars, by Mount Sinai and by Him who spanned the firmament, by the human soul and the small voice, by the Kaaba and by the Book, by the Moon and the dawn and the angels, by the ten nights of dread mystery and by the day of judgment. That day of judgment, at the approach whereof the earth shaketh, and the mountains are scattered into dust, and the seas blaze up in fire, and the children's hair grows white with anguish, and like locust-swarms the souls arise out of their graves, and Allah cries to Hell, Art thou filled full? and Hell cries to Allah, More, give me more, . . . while Paradise opens its blissful gates to the righteous, and glory ineffable awaits them — both men and women.

The kernel and doctrine of Islam Goethe has found in the second *Surah*, which begins as follows: —

"This is the Book. There is no doubt in the same. A *Guidance* to the righteous. Who believe in the *Unseen*, who observe the *Prayer*, and who give *Alms* of that which we have vouchsafed unto them. And who believe in that which has been sent down unto thee — (the *Revelation*) which had been sent down to those before thee, and who believe in the *Life to come*. They walk in the guidance of their Lord, and they are the blessed. As to them who believe

not — it is indifferent to them whether thou exhortest them, or not exhortest them. They will not believe. Sealed hath Allah their hearts and their ears, and over their eyes is darkness, and theirs will be a great punishment." — "And in this wise," Goethe continues, "we have *Surah* after *Surah*. Belief and unbelief are divided into upper and lower. Heaven and hell await the believers or deniers. Detailed injunctions of things allowed and forbidden, legendary stories of Jewish and Christian religion, amplifications of all kinds, boundless tautologies and repetitions, form the body of this sacred volume, which to us, as often as we approach it, is repellent anew, next attracts us ever anew, and fills us with admiration, and finally forces us into veneration."

Thus Goethe. And no doubt the passage adduced is as good a summary as any other. Perhaps, if he had gone a little further in this same chapter, he might have found one still more explicit. When Mohammed at Medina told his adherents no longer to turn in prayer towards Jerusalem, but towards the Kaaba at Mecca, to which their fathers had turned, and he was blamed for this innovation, he replied: —

"That is not righteousness: whether ye turn your faces towards East or West, God's is the East as well as the West. But verily righteousness is his who believes in God, in the day of judgment, in the angels, in the Book and the prophets; who bestows his wealth, for God's sake, upon kindred, and orphans, and the poor, and the homeless, and all those who ask; and also upon delivering the captives; he who is steadfast in prayer, giveth alms, who stands firmly by his covenants, when he has once entered into them; and who is patient in adversity, in hardship, and in times of trial. These are the righteous, and these are the God-fearing."

Yet these and similar passages, characteristic as they be, do not suffice. It behoves us to look somewhat deeper.

First of all, What is the literal meaning of Islam, the religion of a Muslim? We find that name Muslim already applied to those *Hanifs*, of whom we have spoken above, who had renounced, though secretly, idolatry before Mohammed, and had gone out to seek the "religion of Abraham," which Mohammed finally undertook to re-establish. The Semitic root of the word Muslim yields a variety of meanings, and accordingly Muslim has had many interpretations. But in all these cases — even as is now becoming so universally clear in the terms of the New Testament — it is as useless to go back to the original root for the elucidation of some special or technical, dogmatic, scientific, or other term of a certain period, as it is to ask those for an

explanation who lived to use that same term long after it had assumed an utterly new, often the very opposite, meaning. *Salim*, the root of *Islam*, means, in the first instance, to be tranquil, at rest, to have done one's duty, to have paid up to be at perfect peace, and, finally, to hand, oneself over to Him with whom peace is made. The noun derived from it means peace, greeting, safety, salvation. And the Talmud contains both the term and the explanation of the term Muslim, which in its Chaldee meaning had become naturalised in Arabia. It indicate a "Righteous man." In a paraphrase of Proverbs xxiv. 16, where the original has *Zadik* (*Ziddik* in Koran), which is rightly translated by the Authorised Version, "Just Man," the Talmud has this very word. "Seven pits are laid for the 'Muslim,'" (*Shalmana* — Syr: *Msalmono*) it says, and "one for the wicked, but the wicked falls into his one, while the other escapes all seven."\* The word thus implies absolute submission to God's will — as generally assumed — neither in the first instance, nor exclusively, but means, on the contrary, one who strives after righteousness with his own strength. Closely connected with the misapprehension of this part of Mohammed's original doctrine is also the popular notion on that supposed bane of Islam, Fatalism: but we must content ourselves here with the observation that, as far as Mohammed and the Koran is concerned, Fatalism is an utter and absolute invention. Not once, but repeatedly, and as if to guard against such an assumption, Mohammed denies it as distinctly as he can, and gives injunctions which show as indisputably as can be that nothing was further from his mind than that pious state of idle and hopeless inanity and stagnation. But to return to Islam. The real sum and substance of it is contained in Mohammed's words: "We have spoken unto thee by revelation: — Follow the religion of Abraham." . . . .

What did Mohammed and his contemporaries understand by this religion of Abraham? "Abraham," says the Koran pointedly and pregnantly, "was neither a Jew nor a Christian, but he was pious and righteous, and no idolator." Have we not here the briefest and the most rationalistic doctrine ever preached? Curious and characteristic is the proof which the Koran finds it necessary to allege (partly found, \* by the way, in the Midrash) for this: —

\* There is also the story in the Talmud of the Master whose name was *Shalman* (Solomon), and they said to him, "Thou art full of peace, and thy teaching is peace (perfect), and thou hast made peace between the disciples."

There was no Law (or Gospel) revealed then — there were, in fact, no divisions of Semitic creed, no special and distinctive dogmas in Abraham's time yet. The Haggadah, it is true, points out that, when Scripture says "he heard my voice," it meant that to him were given, by anticipation, all that the Law and the Prophets contain. And in order rightly to understand the drift of Mohammed's words, we must endeavour to gather the little mosaics as they lie scattered about in all directions in the Talmud and Midrash. Perchance a picture, anent Abraham's faith and works, may arise under our hands — a not unworthy ideal of Judaism, which formed it, and Mohammedanism, which adopted it; of Abraham, the righteous, the first, and the greatest Muslim. It may also further elucidate, by the way, the words of the Mishnah, "Be ye of the Disciples of Abraham." "The Divine light lay hidden," says the Midrash, "until Abraham came and discovered it."

Again we have to turn — driven by absolute necessity — to one of those indigestible morsels, one of the many *crucies* of the exegetes of Orient and Occident. The word used in the Koran for the "Religion of Abraham" is generally *Milla*. Sprenger, after ridiculing the indeed absurd attempts made to derive it from an Arabic root, concludes that it must be a foreign word, introduced by the teachers of the "Milla of Abraham" into the Hejaz. He is perfectly right. *Milla* = *Memra* = *Logos*, are identical: being the Hebrew, Chaldee (Targum, Peshito in slightly varied spelling), and Greek terms respectively for "Word," — that surrogate for the Divine Name used by the Targum, by Philo, by St. John. This *Milla*, or "Word," which Abraham proclaimed, he, "who was not an astrologer, but a prophet" — teaches, according to the Haggadah, first of all, the existence of One God, the Creator of the Universe, who rules this Universe with mercy and loving kindness.\* He alone also, neither angel nor planet, guides the destinies of

\* "God," says the Talmud, in boldest transcendental flight, "*prays*." And what is that prayer? — "Be it my will that my mercy overpower my justice." The Koran says: — "God has laid down for Himself the Law of Mercy."

God's Mercy, says the Midrash, was the only link that held the universe together before the "Law" came to be revealed to man. And very beautifully does the Haggadistic version of the manner in which the universe, which, spite of all, would not rest firmly, but kept swaying to and fro in space, "even as a great palace built of mortal man, the foundations whereof are not firmly laid," contrast from all those well-known wild heappings-up of monsters begotten for steadying purposes. — "The earth shook and trembled, and would not find rest until God created Repentance: — then it stood."



man. Idolatry, even when combined with the belief in Him, is utterly to be abhorred. He alone is to be worshipped; in Him alone trust is to be placed in adversity. He frees the persecuted and the oppressed; You must pray to Him and serve Him in love, and not murmur when He asks for your lives, or even for lives still dearer to you than your own. As to duties towards man, it teaches—"Loving kindness and mercy are the tokens of the faith of Abraham." "He who is not merciful, is not of the children of Abraham." "What is the distinguishing quality of Abraham's descendants? their compassion and their mercy" (Be it observed, by the way, that in all these talmudical passages the word *Rachman* is used, which term for "Merciful" forms an emphatic mark in the Koran). "Abraham not merely forgave Abimelech, but he prayed for him;" and this mercy, charity, and loving kindness is to be extended to every being, without reference to "garment," birth, rank, creed, or nationality. Disinterestedness and unselfishness are self-understood duties. Though the whole land had been promised to Abraham by God, he *bought* the ground for Sarah's tomb. After the victorious campaign he took nothing, no, not even "from a thread to a shoe-latchet" from the enemy. Modesty and humility are other qualities enjoined by him. Rule yourself, he said, before you rule others. Eschew pride, which shortens life—modesty prolongs it. It purifies from all sins, and is the best weapon for conquest. His humility was shown even by the way in which he exercised his hospitality. He waited himself on his guests, and when they tried to thank him, he said, Thank "Him, the One, who nourishes all, who ruleth in heaven and earth, who killeth and giveth life, who causeth the plants to grow, and who createth man according to His wisdom." He inaugurated the Morning Prayer—even as did Isaac that of the Evening, and Jacob that of the Night. He went, even in his old age, ever restless in doing good, to succour the oppressed, to teach and preach to all men. He "wore a jewel round his neck, the light of which raised up the bowed-down and healed the sick, and which, after his death, was placed among the stars." And see how he was chosen to be tempted with the bitterest trial, in order that mankind might see how steadfast he remained—even as the potter proves the strength of his ware, not by that which is brittle, but by that which is strong." And when he died, he left to his children four guardian angels—"Justice and Mercy, Love and Charity."

Such are the floating outlines of the faith of Abraham to be gathered from the Haggadah; and these traits form the fundamental bases of Mohammed's doctrine—often in the very words, always in the sense, of these Jewish traditions. The most emphatic moment, however, we find laid upon the Unity of God, the absence of Intermediators, and the repudiation of any special, exclusive, "privileged" creed. This is a point on which the Talmud is very strong—not merely declaring its aversion to proselytism, but actually calling every righteous man, so that he be no idolator, a "Jew" to all intents and purposes. The tracing of the minutiae of general human ethics is, comparatively speaking, of less import, considering that these, in their outlines, are wonderfully alike, in Hellas and India, and Rome and Persia and Japan; so that it would indeed be difficult to say who first invented the great law of goodwill towards fellow-creatures. But the manner and the words in which these things are inculcated, mark their birthplace and the stages of their journey clearly enough in the Semitic creeds.

And with the doctrines—if so we may call them—of Abraham, as we gathered them from the Jewish writings, Mohammed also introduced the whole legendary cycle that surrounds Abraham's head, like a halo, in these same writings. We have in the Koran, first of all, that wondrous Haggadistic explanation, how Abraham first came to worship, in the midst of idolators, the One invisible God—how he first lifted up his eyes heavenwards and saw a brilliant star, and said, This is God. But when the star paled before the brightness of the moon, he said, This is God. And then the sun rose and Abraham saw God in the golden glory of the sun. But the sun, too, set, and Abraham said, "Then none of you is God; but there is One above you who created both you and me. Him alone will I worship, the Maker of Heaven and Earth!" How he then took an axe and destroyed all the idols and placed the axe in the hand of the biggest accusing him of the deed; how he is thrown into the fiery furnace, and God said to the fire, "Be thou cold;" how he entertained the Angels, and how he brought his beloved son to the Altar, and an "excellent victim" (a ram from Paradise) was sacrificed in his stead; and so on. All this, though only sketched in its outlines in the Koran, is absolute Haggadah, with scarcely as much of alteration as would naturally be expected in the like fantastic matter, even as is the rest of that "entire world of pious biblical

legend which Islam has said and sung in its many tongues, to the delight of the wise and simple, for twelve centuries now, to be found either in embryo or fully developed in the Haggadah.\*

But here, in the midst of our discourse, we are compelled to break off, reserving its continuation: notably with regard to the theoretical and practical bearing of the religion of Mohammed, and the relation of its religious terms† and individual tenets

\* "Talmud," p. 455.

† e.g. Koran (Law), Shechinah (presence of God), Gan Eden (Paradise), Gehinnom (Hell), Haber (Master), Darash (search the Scriptures), Rabbi (teacher), Sabbath (day of rest), Mishnah (Oral Law), &c., all of which are bodily found in the Koran, as well as even such words as the Hebrew Yam (for Red Sea), &c.

to those of Judaism: also its progress and the changes wrought within the community by many and most daring sects: and the present aspect of the Faith and its general influence. And this our Exordium we will sum up with the beginning of the Surah, called the Assembly, revealed at Medina:—

"In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate. Whatsoever is in heaven and on earth praises God the King, the Holy One, the Almighty, the Allwise. It is He who out of the midst of the illiterate Arabs has raised an Apostle to show unto them his signs, and to sanctify them, and to teach them the Scripture and the Wisdom, them who before had been in great darkness. . . . This is God's free Grace, which He giveth unto whomsoever He wills. God is of great Mercy!

THE PERILS OF A SPANISH POLITICIAN.—The *London Daily News* says:

"One of the most curious letters ever written by a diplomatist has just been published in a newspaper at Pau. It is signed by Senor Olozaga, the Spanish Ambassador at the French Court, and is addressed to a culprit named Murillo, who had been condemned to death by a French tribunal. The opening sentences of the letter, if they do not exactly prove the dignity of an Ambassador Plenipotentiary, give us at least a graphic conception of the dangers encountered by a Spanish politician. They run thus: 'Mr. Murillo, you are a Spaniard, and you have been condemned to death. I, who represent Spain in this empire, have been nearer to the gibbet than you are to the guillotine.'

"This, Senor Olozaga goes on to explain, is the cause of his present vivid sympathy with the prisoner. He engages to do his best for him, but explains that it is difficult for the Emperor to spare the life of a foreigner when he refuses to do so for Frenchmen. Three executions had lately taken place—a rare number for France. One of the culprits was a native of the town in which a Cabinet Minister was born, and this high official had in vain used all his influence to save him.

"In the face of these difficulties Senor Olozaga applies to Murillo for assistance in his own cause. 'You can assist me by instructing me truthfully of whatever meritorious act you may have done during your lifetime—of some noble sentiment which has survived your crime; or again, of family details which may move the great heart of his Majesty. The Emperor has the greatest respect for a human life, and before signing a capital sentence always studies the case minutely.'

"After further urging Murillo to bring forward extenuating circumstances, he gives him

advice as to the spirit he ought to cultivate: 'The less hope you have the better. When I was in the extremity in which you are now placed, my sole consolation was to say to myself—'Be persuaded that the day which now lights thee will be the last thou shalt see!'

"By this means the hours which exceeded the day were always more agreeable.'

"This is all the solace which the kindhearted ambassador can suggest; but he mentions that he has sent a special messenger to see whether the prisoner required any tobacco, spirits, or other such comforts, and that he had given orders that these should be provided free of charge. He advises the prisoner, however not to drink too much, as it would be a truly frightful shock to awake to consciousness on the scaffold. After reading this kind but quaint letter it is pleasant to be able to add that the efforts of Senor Olozaga were not fruitless: Murillo's sentence has been commuted to penal servitude for life."

A NEW STALACTITE CAVERN.—"The Dechen Höhle" has just been discovered near Iserlohn, on the confines of Westphalia, at Letmathe, which appears to equal, if not to surpass in extent, the far-famed grotto of Adelsberg, near Trieste. It opens in the limestone cliffs of the valley of the Ruhr, and extends into the mountain for a distance of nearly five English miles. The stalactites, of beautiful purity and brilliancy, assume all sorts of fantastic shapes: drapery, columns, a cluster of organ pipes, a pulpit, a group of palms. It is in the neighbourhood of the celebrated "Neander-höhle," in which human and other bones were discovered some years since.

The Academy.

From The Academy.  
THE POPE AND THE COUNCIL.\*

THE remarkable work which appears under the assumed authorship of Janus, as though to exclude any profane conjectures about its human origin, has a double claim on attention which is referred to at the opening of the Preface. It is motivated by the approaching Ecumenical Council, and the rumours which have been widely circulated as to the probability of the Syllabus of 1864, and the doctrine of papal infallibility being formulated into articles of faith. But while in this sense it has a temporary and controversial bearing, the method of treatment is throughout strictly historical, and accordingly the writers (for the Preface informs us that there are more than one) express the hope that their work may also have a scientific value and serve as a contribution to Church history. It is under this latter aspect that it is noticed here. And we shall accordingly dwell but little on the application made of the argument to the existing circumstances of Catholicism beyond observing that to all who are interested in the religious problems of the day, from whatever side, it cannot fail to suggest matter of very grave reflection. The writers, we should add, are careful to exclude all possibility of mistake as to the fact of their being Catholics, and, so far as we have observed, invariably support their statements by reference to Catholic authorities.

A brief introduction explains what is understood, on the testimony of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and from other sources, to be "the Jesuit programme" for the Council, and the work is then divided into three parts, dealing respectively with the three doctrinal questions which are supposed likely to be brought forward with a view to their authoritative settlement; the Syllabus, the Assumption, and the Infallibility of the Pope. The two first points need not detain us long. Under the first head are examined five propositions of the Syllabus which a definition of the Council would erect into articles of faith. These are the power of the Church to inflict temporal punishment, including death; the political supremacy of the Popes involving the deposing power, frequently exercised in the middle ages; the "correction of history" in such points as the civil and human origin of the immunity from civil courts assigned to the clergy in the canon law, and the fact of the lofty claims of the Papacy in the

ninth and following centuries having been a main cause of the division of the Eastern and Western Churches; the unlawfulness of freedom of conscience and worship; and the condemnation of modern civilization and the principles of constitutional government, after the example of Innocent III. in annulling Magna Charta and excommunicating the English barons who procured it; as in a similar spirit, to take but a few out of many recent instances, Leo XII. condemned the French constitution in 1824, and the Austrian and Bavarian constitutions have still later incurred censure at Rome. A few pages only are devoted to the dogma of the bodily Assumption, which is shown to rest on no earlier testimony than two apocryphal documents, dating from about the end of the fourth century; one of them ascribed to St. John, the other to Bishop Melito of Sardis.

These questions are dismissed in 40 pages; and thus we are brought to the main subject of the volume, which extends over the remaining 400 pages, the theory of papal infallibility. This doctrine is traced out from its earliest germ in the gradually extending claims of the Papacy from the fifth century downwards, to its formal expression in writers like Cardinal Cajetan in the sixteenth century, who goes so far as to call the Church "the Pope's slave," and is confronted throughout with the opposing evidence of facts.

The leading idea of the volume is, as we understand it, that there was indeed a primacy of Divine institution conferred on the successors of St. Peter, but that it is difficult to say exactly how much this necessarily involved, and quite certain that it did not involve any of the special prerogatives now claimed for the Papacy by ultramontane theologians, which are of purely human and ecclesiastical origin, least of all the comparatively modern claim of infallibility. Against this latter claim it is urged positively, that many Popes have delivered contradictory or erroneous judgments — of which numerous and apparently unanswerable examples are given; and negatively, that the theory has grown up gradually as part and parcel of the general system of absolute papal supremacy in the Church. That this system is a development, has of late been admitted on all hands, but its advocates plead that it was a natural and legitimate development of which the primacy in the early Church was the germ; to which "Janus" replies in effect that it was not a development but a corruption, which completely changed the constitution of the ancient Church into something else, — just as,

\* *Der Papst und das Concil*: von Janus. Leipzig, Steinacker, 1869.

e.g., such a dictatorship as Louis Napoleon's, if established in this country, could not be called a development of our constitutional monarchy. Moreover, it is argued, the change was mainly effected by the aid of evidence either forged or seriously tampered with, and of which the spurious decretals of the pseudo-Isidore, compiled about the middle of the ninth century, afford the most conspicuous illustration. For a century past the attempt to maintain the genuineness of the Isidorian decretals has been abandoned even at Rome; and a recent Jesuit writer in Paris, the *père* Regnon, has gone so far as to admit distinctly that the compiler "really attained his object of changing the discipline of the Church, though with only evil consequences, for God does not bless deceit, and the forged decretals have done unmixed harm." But, as a general rule, ultramontane writers, while admitting the fraud, have denied its historical importance, on the ground that it did not inaugurate a new system, but only explained and formalized an accomplished fact. If, it is urged, the Papacy had not actually been, in the ninth century, very much what the Isidorian decretals implied that it ought to be, the forgery would never have been thought of, and in any case could have produced no practical results. The very fact of its universal acceptance proves that it harmonized with existing ideas, and gave a plausible account of the actual phenomena of ecclesiastical administration every one was familiar with. This view of the matter looks at first sight reasonable enough; but it is open, according to "Janus," to two fatal objections, and the detailed exhibition of these objections, in their historical sequence, occupies the greater part of the book. In the first place it can be shown that the picture of the Papacy, presented in the decretals, in nowise correspond either with patristic testimony, nor with its actual position in the history and constitution of the ancient Church; and that a marked change may be traced from the appearance of the Isidorian compilation in the ninth century, though the horrible corruptions which disgraced the Papal Court during the tenth and former part of the eleventh centuries, prevented its taking full effect and being systematically carried out before the time of Gregory VII. Still this change was inaugurated by Nicolas I., on the strength of the false decretals, and led at once to the split between the Eastern and Western Churches.

In the next place, so far as public opinion was prepared for the reception of the Isidorian maxims, this was itself the result of

earlier fabrications, devised in the same spirit, the manufacture of which had been actively carried on at Rome since the beginning of the sixth century. Among these may be enumerated the spurious Acts of Roman Martyrs, the story of the Baptism of Constantine, the *Gesta Liberii*, the interpolation of St. Cyprian, the *Liber Pontificalis*, the Donation of Constantine, and several more. But "we may say with perfect truth, that without the pseudo-Isidore there would have been no Gregory VII., in this sense, that the Isidorian fictions formed the broad foundation on which the Gregorian edifice was built up." And the most important "stone" in that edifice, to use our author's expression, was the *Decretum* of Gratian, compiled about the middle of the twelfth century at Bologna, then the first school of law in Europe, and combining the Isidorian with many later fabrications into a coherent system. "There has never been a book published in the Church which has equalled its influence, though there is scarcely any other so bristling with gross errors, both accidental and designed." The various ways are then traced out in which the system thus defined has been made into a living reality, and has by degrees absorbed or ejected all counteracting influences in the Church, by means of the institution of papal legates, by exemptions and dispensations, by encroachments on episcopal jurisdiction and rights of patronage, by the oath of obedience imposed on bishops, by the working of the Inquisition and the Index, and above all, through the gradual formation and practical elevation to supreme power, in the place of the episcopate of earlier ages, of the Roman *Curia* and the College of Cardinals.

The state of universal corruption which the Church had been plunged into, owing in great measure, according to "Janus," to the results of this "Papal system," and to which mediæval writers bear abundant witness, led at last to a reaction, immediately precipitated by the schism of the Antipopes following on the seventy years' captivity of Avignon; and hence the reforming Councils of the fifteenth century, assembled at Pisa, Constance, and Basle. The superiority of Popes to Councils was expressly defined at Constance, as matter of faith; and the binding force of this decree—renewed during the earlier sessions of the Council of Basle, while still recognised as Œcumenical by Eugenius IV.—was repeatedly acknowledged by the Popes themselves. Nevertheless it has been the constant endeavour of later ultramontane writers, from Cardinals Torquemada and

Bellarmino downwards, to get rid of it, and re-establish the mediæval theory of papal autocracy, from whence they have deduced and thrown into dogmatic shape the doctrine of papal infallibility. These principles are formally asserted or implied in the Bull solemnly issued by Paul IV., *Cum ex Apostolatus Officio*, and still more emphatically in the famous excommunicating Bull, "*In Cænâ Domini*," first issued by Gregory XI., renewed by Gregory XII., and published afresh with additions, and with every circumstance of solemnity, by Pius V.; and which was annually read out every Holy Thursday at Rome for 200 years till Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) discontinued the practice. It is still, however, treated as having legal force in the Roman congregations and tribunals. The "reaction of the Papacy" from the blow it received at the Councils of Constance and Basle, and parried at the Council of Trent, and the elaboration of the infallibility theory by later theologians, chiefly of the Jesuit Order, are described in detail. There is a forcible criticism on the distinction they have attempted to establish between decisions of the Pope *ex cathedrâ* and his judgment as "a private doctor," and the manifold diversities of view as to what constitute the conditions of an *ex cathedrâ* judgment; as also on the moral difference between the infallibility of the Church and of the Popes. But on these points we cannot dwell here.

Both in conception and execution the work is, we conceive, unique even in German literature. Putting aside the first few pages, it may be fairly described as a history of the origin and growth of the doctrine of papal infallibility, and of the bearing of facts upon it. Such a work, if executed with candour and learning, would be interesting had it come from the pen of a Protestant author. It is doubly interesting when it emanates from writers who are so far from regarding the Roman primacy, with

one school of Protestant critics, as a mysterious portent foreshadowed in the awful language of Apocalyptic denunciation, or with another as an almost superhuman masterpiece of ambitious craft, that they "share the conviction of all faithful Catholics that it rests on divine appointment and that the Church was founded on it from the beginning;" and expressly vindicate their plain speaking by the Scriptural maxim, "*Meliora sunt vulnera diligentis, quam fraudulenta oscula odientis.*" We have thought we should best consult the convenience of our readers by analyzing rather than criticizing this work. For criticism indeed there is, in one sense, little room. Whatever may be thought of the opinions indicated or expressed by "Janus," they are throughout rigidly subordinated to the narrative of facts; and as they are stated with luminous precision, and supported in each case by reference to original authorities every one can draw his own conclusions. Had the book been, as its title might at first sight seem to imply, merely a *Zeitschrift* evoked by the exigencies of present controversy, we should not have noticed it here. It is because it has an independent and permanent interest for the historical and theological student, quite apart from its bearing on the controversies of the day, and contains a great deal of what to the immense majority of English, if not also of German readers, will be entirely new matter, grouped round a common centre-point which gives unity and coherence to the whole, that it falls strictly within the province of this journal. Those who are able to do so will of course prefer to study it in the original. But considering how few Englishmen comparatively read German with facility, we are glad, for the sake of the many who do not, to see that a translation is already advertised as being in the press.

H. N. OXENHAM.

THOMAS GRAHAM, M.A., F.R.S. — Science has sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. Graham, the Master of the Mint. A native of Glasgow, and a graduate of the University of that place, after some stay in Edinburgh, he returned to Glasgow where he remained for some time as Lecturer at the Mechanics' Institute. In 1837 he was elected Professor of Chemistry at University College, London, which chair he held till his appointment to the Mint in 1855. His first paper in 1826 was on the Absorption of Gases by Liquids, his last papers were the important ones recently published, on the absorption

of Hydrogen by Metals, in which he showed that hydrogen really behaved as a metal, forming alloys with other metals, especially with palladium. He suggested that under these circumstances it should receive the name of Hydrogenium. His name will also be remembered in connection with his Law of the Diffusion of Gases, the process of Dialysis, and the distinction between *crystalline* and *colloid* bodies. He was not an eloquent speaker, but his power of manipulation and the success of his experiments made him a successful teacher.

Academy.



EUGENIE IN CONSTANTINOPLE. — A correspondent of the *Tribune* thus describes the Empress Eugenie's visit to Constantinople.

It was a beautiful sight, when the Empress's yacht, with twenty steamers, came into the Bosphorus, which was almost literally covered with caïques. The Empress was on deck with half a dozen other ladies. In about ten minutes the Sultan, who had been waiting her arrival at the palace, came out to her yacht in one of the most magnificent of boats, manned by twenty men, with a gorgeous throne and canopy at the stern. After some difficulty in getting alongside the yacht, the Sultan rushed up the stairs with no little *empressement*. She met him at the top with a cordial greeting, but did not kiss him, remembering, perhaps, her own feelings when she saw Napoleon kiss Queen Victoria. They then fell back and looked at each other a moment. As they could not talk, they did the next best thing; they bowed at each other, and then the Empress went down into the Sultan's boat. He followed immediately, and they sat side by side. She wore a plain, high-necked dress of straw colored satin, with a trail two yards long, and a bonnet of the same color. The current in front of the palace is very strong. Five hundred caïques and twenty-five steamers crowded with people were jammed together in horrible confusion, and I can hardly understand now how we all got out of it without loss of life. The Sultan, on landing, conducted the Empress to her apartments and left her to rest there for some minutes. He then presented to her all the Ministers of the Sublime Porte and the functionaries of the palace, and hastened across to his official palace at Dolma Baghie, whither the Empress followed him in about an hour, to pay her respects to the Valide Sultana (Sultan's mother). This old woman is by unalterable custom, supreme within the palace, and she does not at all approve of the way in which the Sultan is disgracing himself with this bold-faced infidel woman. She has thrown every possible obstacle in her way, and made herself just as disagreeable as she dared. She could not refuse to see her to-day, but she overturned the arrangements of the Sultan by refusing to receive the Empress with Mustapha Pasha's daughter as lady in waiting and interpreter. She said she would teach Mussulman girls not to learn infidel languages and not to assume infidel customs. The visit of the Empress to her was short and formal, and she passed out of the harem into the apartments of the Sultan to dine with him in state. No doubt the Valide Sultana ground her teeth with rage, and no doubt she will rate the Sultan for his indecent violation of all propriety, but the deed is done, and she will rave in vain. A shameless female ghaour has gone where even the Sultan's mother was never permitted to go. This shows more real pluck on the part of the Sultan than you can well realize. Thursday, Eugenie received the diplomatic corps at Beylerbey. In conversation with Mr. Morris, our Minister Resident, the Empress declared that there was nothing

which she more desired than to visit America — that she was only waiting for some pretext for going, which she hoped would be found before long. She conversed with all the ladies in their own languages. She speaks English remarkably well, and certainly looks more like an English than a Spanish lady. During the reception she wore a robe of amber satin, with a very full train (with hoops, too, I believe), trimmed with mauve velvet; her bonnet was also amber coloured. Her only jewelry was a pearl necklace, and she wore no ear-rings.

NEW RESEARCHES INTO THE COAL-TAR COLOURS. — Prof. A. W. Hofmann has recently made considerable additions to our knowledge of the processes by which colouring matters are formed out of the hydrocarbons of Tar. To the well-known labours of this chemist on the Aniline colours must now be added investigations on *Naphthaline-rose*, *Aniline-green*, and on the relations of isomeric *Xylidine*. It is worthy of notice, that all the valuable colours which have at present been investigated, possess a similar, somewhat complex, structure of their chemical molecules. Several molecules of *Naphthalamine* combine to form the splendid rose colour manufactured by Clavel in Basle in a precisely analogous way, as was earlier proved to be the case in mixtures of bases of the Aniline series. It also seems to be a general rule that the presence of some methyl compound is necessary to form a colour out of the bases belonging to the last named series. The Aniline-green is produced together with the Aniline-violet by the action of *Iodide of methyl* on *Rosaline*, and is to be regarded as a compound of *Trimethyl-rosaniline* with *Iodide of methyl*. The loose character of this combination explains the readiness with which the green passes into other colours; for instance, violet and grey. Ladies who wear dresses coloured with this Iodine-green should be very careful not to go too close to the fire, as a temperature of 250-300 deg. F. very soon changes the beautiful grass-green into very unlovely hues.

Besides the hydrocarbons which afford the material for all these products of the colour manufactories, coal contains in small quantity a series of bases which have hitherto been but little studied. Dr. Baeyer has artificially prepared one of these bases, *picolin*, by the action of ammonia on *acrolein* (an aldehyde); other allied bases arise from the action of ammonia on higher aldehydes. Now *acrolein* is a common product of the distillation of Fats. Dr. Baeyer believes that this artificial formation gives us the key to the understanding of the natural origin of these bases. There are produced in abundance by the distillation of animal matters, that is of fatty substances which at the same time give rise to ammonia. Hence, those existing in coal are probably derived from the vegetable and animal remains present in that substance. Academy.